

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1891.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853.

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Yard.—AN EVENING MEETING of the Members will be held in the Theatre of the Institution on WEDNESDAY, the 20th April, when Mr. FERGUSSON will deliver a Lecture explanatory of his system of Fortification.
After the Lecture a discussion will take place, in which Members are requested to take part.
The Chair will be taken at half-past Eight o'clock precisely.
By order of the Council,

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OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ROYAL INSTITUTE of BRITISH ARCHITECTS, Incorporated 7th William IV., 16, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, London. At the Ordinary General Meeting, held on Monday, 4th of April, 1853, the following Recommendations of the Council with reference to the Medals for the year 1853, were read and agreed to:

ROYAL MEDAL.
Her Majesty having been pleased to grant her gracious permission for the Royal Medal to be conferred on such distinguished Architect or Man of Science, of any country, as may have designed or executed any building of high merit, or produced a work tending to promote or facilitate the knowledge of architecture, or the various branches of science connected therewith. That the Council do proceed in January, 1854, to take into consideration the appropriation of the Royal Medal accordingly.

INSTITUTE MEDAL.
That the Silver Medals of the Institute be awarded to the Authors of the best Essays on any subjects tending to promote or facilitate the knowledge of architecture, or the various branches of science connected therewith. The Essays to be accompanied by suitable illustrations. N.B.—Each Essay to be written in a clear and distinct hand, on alternate pages.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853.

REVIEWS.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. Longman and Co.

THESE volumes embrace the continuation of Moore's diary from August, 1819, to October, 1825, which Lord John Russell appears to have given to the world just as the poet penned it, without either explanation or curtailment. This principle of editing, of which we complained in noticing the previous volumes, becomes more strikingly objectionable as the work proceeds. If a diary is to be printed at all, it is, no doubt, a delicate matter to determine how much may be suppressed without injuring the impression of the writer's mind and habits which an honestly kept record of this nature is peculiarly calculated to convey. But in all diaries not kept for display there is of necessity much that is of no significance whatever as illustrative of character, and of no importance except as memoranda to the writer. There must also be much, especially where the writer mixes largely in society, and accustoms himself to chronicle its gossip, which he would never wish to perpetuate in print, and the publication of which may communicate very erroneous impressions both as to persons and events. Indeed, we can conceive no more fertile source of misconception than the casual gossip of society converted into spurious importance by its reproduction, years afterwards, in the journal of some man of eminence, who was not scrupulous in sifting the facts, or in scrutinising the judgments, which he records. Much also may be entered in a diary which, without explanation of the objects with which it was set down, may, in the absence of personal knowledge of the writer, lead to very erroneous apprehensions as to points in his character. Against none of these evils has Lord John made any attempt to guard. All the petty and insignificant details of a life not peculiarly crowded with incidents are huddled into these volumes without explanation or comment; and every reader, who feels sufficient interest in Moore to persevere in their perusal, is compelled to do for himself what the editor should have done for him—that is, to disembarass himself of all the trash and triviality, to estimate carefully the weakness against the worth, and to separate the characteristics which were essential from those which were merely accidental. This is not doing justice either to the subject or to the public; and we feel it our duty strongly to protest against a mode of editing which, if carried out in other cases, will inundate our already overstocked libraries with dreary piles of gossip and “chroniclings of small beer,” which may interest the fireside circle of the chronicler's family, but ought never to pass beyond it.

Cut down into a fourth of their present size, these volumes would be pleasant and not uninteresting reading. As they stand, they require no ordinary amount of energy to get through. Moore was not brilliant except when writing directly for the public. Like many literary men, he exhausted his powers of thought and illustration in the productions which brought him bread. Any superfluous energy seems to have been exhausted in society, and accordingly we believe that rarely

has a similar extent of paper been covered by an eminent man with so few ideas as the diary now before us. His thoughts appear to have been all used up in his books; and when he is at work upon these, the only records in his diary are of the works he consulted in getting up his subject, or the number of lines he was able to spin off in a day. A little of this is well enough. Curiosity as to the literary habits of great authors, if not a very exalted, is at least a harmless, state of mind. But as it comes to nothing, it is very soon appeased, and a glut of it is peculiarly tedious. Such a glut Lord John has inflicted upon the public, quite forgetting that the machinery or the throes of literary production, like the mechanism of all art, should be kept sedulously in the background.

Again, as to Moore's daily visitings and dinings out, the operas he saw and the people he met, what call was there upon his editor to bore the public as he has done with such trivialities? We do not suppose it is of much consequence to the ultimate estimate which the world will form of the poet, that they should see what very “respectable” society he kept, how he environed himself with lords and fine ladies, and was on easy speaking terms with dukes and princes of the blood. Indeed, most people are likely to think, that a tender regard for his friend's memory would have led to the suppression of many a page which records a vulgar anxiety to be known and courted by great people, combined, as usual, with the morbid pride of the *parvenu*, scarcely worthy of the man of genius. Everybody else can see, although Moore himself could not, that a very large proportion of the great vulgar, the air of whose drawing-rooms so fascinated the grocer's son, invited him from no real sympathy with his worth, but because he was a lion, and possibly to amuse their guests with his singing. The Bedfords, the Lansdownes, and the Hollands were, of course, above this kind of thing. With them Moore was the deservedly valued friend; but among the host of his titled acquaintances there could have been none of the equality of friendship, and it is melancholy to see him frittering away his days and nights, during the period of his two years' residence in Paris, in a round of fashionable dinner parties and other frivolities, till even his editor, in one of the very few foot-notes with which he favours us, is forced to admit a regret that Moore went there, instead of seeking a quieter retreat from his creditors at the foot of Arthur's Seat, in the precincts of Holyrood. A man who threw himself so largely into this kind of life must be in some degree spoiled by it, and when he does assert his dignity he is apt to do so on wrong grounds. There is something very like impertinence in such an entry as the following:—

“All going to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's ball, except myself, who, in a fit of pride, stay away; have no idea of being asked merely with their mob.”

Asked merely with their mob! Is this the son of the spirit-dealer of Aungier-street, who pronounces as *mob* a well-dressed crowd of the best bred people in Paris? This is snobbery of the most outrageous kind.

It is easy to understand the fascination of high society for a man of Moore's tastes and attractive qualities, and we take no exception to his propensity to seek it. But what does detract in some measure from our respect for him, is his vulgar love of mere titles,—his undue sensitiveness to the good or bad word of any man or woman who has a handle to

his or her name. If he dined out, a peer is sure to be mentioned as present, whoever else may be forgotten; and if he happens to encounter a duke, he is forthwith down upon the knees of his soul in foolish reverence. At least such is the impression left on our minds by the records of this diary; and any critic disposed to run down the poet will find in it abundant materials for such a purpose, while he may, at the same time, keep back the good qualities which, upon a liberal construction of Moore's character, make us forget a weakness which never sapped his domestic virtues, nor the principles of manly independence which regulated his conduct in all important matters.

In the midst of his greatest gaieties Moore's love of home and his unpretending Bessy was never forgotten. He loved beauty dearly, but none was ever so beautiful for him as the wife of his bosom. Not a word seems ever to be said in her praise by any person of mark but he recorded it in his journal with a glowing pride, as, for example, in the following passage:—

“Introduced Bessy to the Duchess of Sussex, who said she was very like what Lady Heathcote was in her day of beauty, and had ‘a very wild poetic face.’ Mademoiselle D'Este said to me too, ‘What a very handsome person your wife is!’”

The poet's temperament required the excitement of society, but his heart was never deadened by its fascinations, and turned steadily to the quiet ark of home. It is delightful to drop here and there upon such entries as the above, or that which we now quote:—

“Came away [from Lord Lansdowne's] at one, after having been much pressed to stay another day. Found my darling Bess not very well on my return. Confessed to me she had not been able to sleep ever since, from the idea that I was offended with her about something in going away. Far from it; I do nothing but bless her whenever I think of her.”

Such entries as these afford precious hints for the poet's biography—all the more precious that the history of literary men often tells so different a tale as to the state of their domestic relations. No man ever was exposed to more temptations than Moore; on none could they, to all appearance, have produced less impression. Another admirable feature of his character, his independence, comes out very agreeably in this diary. Having so often, especially in these later years, seen literary men improvident, and insensible to the degradation of debt or eleemosynary aid, the example of Moore becomes the more precious, and cannot be too often held up to all men whose weapon is the pen. Moore never was in debt by his own fault, and his resolute refusal to owe his release from the Bermuda claims to any purse but his own, is a great fact, which may well outweigh any minor weaknesses such as we have indicated. The zeal of his friends for his emancipation speaks loudly in praise of both parties. When we find such men as Lord Lansdowne, and Lord John Russell, not to speak of others, contending in this noble emulation, our admiration of their generosity is mingled with respect for the man who could inspire feelings so warm yet so delicate in their expression. How delightful it is to come upon such an entry as this:—

“Longman called upon me. Told him my intention of settling the Bermuda business with the money arising from the sale of the ‘Memoirs’ (Lord Byron's); seemed rather disappointed; said that I had better let matters go on as they were,

and appeared labouring with some mystery. Remark that though I had with much delicacy declined the contribution of friends, yet that I could not surely feel the same objection to letting one friend settle the business for me. At length, after much hesitation, acknowledged that a thousand pounds had been for some time placed at his disposal, for the purpose of arranging matters when the debt could be reduced to that sum; and that he had been under the strictest injunctions of secrecy with regard to this deposit, which nothing but the intention I had expressed, of settling the business in another way, could have induced him to infringe; and that, finally, the person who had given this proof of warm and true friendship was (as I guessed in an instant) Lord Lansdowne. How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes! Entreated of me still to leave the settlement of the business in Lord L.'s hands; but, of course, will not."

And he kept his determination, and with a quiet firmness which indicates in a marked degree the strength and manliness of character, in which must have lain the secret of his hold upon the hearty regard of his friends.

In this diary many proofs are apparent of that cheerful vivacity of temperament, that youth of heart, which was dwelt upon by Lord John Russell in his introductory notice. His wife called him 'bird,' and the epithet seems to have been most appropriate to the chirruping gaiety of his nature. He takes a child-like pleasure in all simple amusements, mounts a merry-go-round at a fair with his boy on his knees, and enjoys a course at Beaujon in the cars, like a youth of fifteen. Indeed, in this same amusement of the cars Moore seems to have been a connoisseur, enhancing his delight whenever he could by making the descent in the company of a pretty girl; thus:—

"Went all in the evening to Beaujon, and thence to Tivoli; where I went down in the cars with the two girls, who are, by the bye, very pretty, and much admired."

Does any one wish to know wherein this amusement consisted? Let him refer to Miss Biddy Fudge's description of the sport to her friend Dorothy:—

"Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where—I doubt if its charms I can paint—there are cars that set out, from a lighted pavilion, high up in the air, and rattle you down, Doll, you hardly know where. These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through this delightfully dangerous journey, hold two. Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether you'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match; in an instant you're seated, and down both together. Go thund'ring, as if you went post to Old Scratch."

There is abundance of pleasant gossip and anecdotes (some of the latter stricken in years, however) scattered through the volumes, and occasional glimpses are afforded of the personal characteristics of notabilities, which are interesting. We learn, for example, that Lord John Russell is an excellent mimic, and Disraeli will most probably not forget to avail himself, in some future sarcasm, of the following entry in regard to his great political adversary:—"Lord John, mild and sensible. Took off Talma very well." We do not remember previously to have seen the following *mot* of Sydney Smith's:—

"Lord John to-day mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: 'That generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest.'"

The unfulfilled purpose of the witty canon is scarcely to be regretted, if his continuation was to be like his start.

The following is a favourable specimen of

the materials of which the diary is composed:—

"Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of 'Childe Harold' founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. 'Tintern Abbey' the source of it all; from which same poem too the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation. Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his 'Sir Charles Grandison' was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c. as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius? Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his 'Political Economy,' and Reynolds in his 'Lectures on Painting.' Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke. * * * Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. * * * We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, 'Davy!' and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, 'Do you know the reason why I published the "White Doe" in quarto?' 'No, what was it?' 'To show the world my own opinion of it.' * * *

"Mercer mentioned that, on the death of the Danish ambassador here (in Paris), some commissaire of police having come to the house for the purpose of making a *procès verbal* of his death, it was resisted by the suite as an infringement of the ambassador's privilege, to which the answer of the police was, that *Un ambassadeur dès qu'il est mort, rentre dans la vie privée*. Lord Bristol and his daughters came in the evening; the Ranciffes too. Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, 'in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London.'"

We shall return to these volumes for extracts on a future occasion.

Poems, Narrative and Lyrical. By Edwin Arnold, of University College, Oxford. Oxford: Macpherson.

MR. ARNOLD has some true poetic fire in him, but we have seldom met with a volume of pieces so unequal in merit. Even in the best poems, too, much inequality appears. For instance, of the opening stanzas of a poem on Venice, one can hardly suppose the same writer to have penned the second, so feeble, and the third so stirring and worthy of the theme:—

"As one who comes from years of weary roving

To look on her who was his early love,
And findeth for the end of all his loving
Only a green grave and a stone above—
Only her silent grave; so shall it prove—

With him whose heart full of her history,
Leadeth his feet to Venice. Grief shall more
His eyes to tears as true as tears may be
At sight of her who reigned, the sweetheart of the sea.

"Yet she is fair—oh! very,—very fair,
The ancient beauty is not buried yet,
But like gold gloss on a dead lady's hair
That lingers when the eyes are still and set,
And the lips locked, winning us to forget
By little and by little all her grace
Till we may bear to lose it—so is met
Life and cold death on the dead city's face,
Not the sweet life itself, but the life's latest trace.

"Still standeth as it stood in days gone by
The glorious basilic with gleaming dome,
Though from its gate no palm of Victory
Welcomes, as once it did, the standards home:
And where of old over the flashing foam
Golden Venetian galleys swept the sea,
Each stranger trading keel may go and come,
And idle laughter rings, and feet pass free
Where kings have doffed their crowns, and bowed
The unbending knee."

In a subsequent stanza unwarrantable liberty is taken with the classic name of 'brave old Dandolo':—

"Rouse ye for Venice! raise the Gonfalon!

Tear the bold blazon of your tyrants' brand!

Up for the sea-queen, bear the banner on—

Dandolo's banner to a dual crown;

Close, and charge once—once for the ancient town!"

Some of the songs and light odes are cleverly and pleasantly turned. One of the best pieces in the book is 'The Legend of the Egyptian Princess,' from Herodotus, Book ii. ch. 132, in which the long ballad metre is skilfully managed:—

"There was fear and desolation over swarthy Egypt's land
From the holy city of the sun to hot Syene's sand;
The sistrum and the cymbal slept, the merry dance no more

Trampled the evening river-buds by Nile's embroidered shore,
For the daughter of the king must die, the dark magician
Said,

Before the red sun sank to rest that day in ocean's bed.

And all that day the temple-smoke loaded the heavy air,
But they prayed to one who heedeth none, nor heareth
earnest prayer.

That day the gonfalons were down, the silver lamps un-
trimmed,

Sad at their oars the rowers sat, silent the Nile-bow
skimmed,

And through the land there went a wail of bitterest agony,
From the iron hills of Nubia, to the islands of the sea.

"There, in the very hall where once her laugh had loud-
est been,

Where but that morning she had worn the wreath of Beauty's
Queen,

She lay, a lost but lovely thing—the wreath was on her
brow,

Alas! the lotus might not match its chilly paleness now;
And ever as that golden light sank lower in the sky,
Her breath came fainter, and the beam seemed fading in
her eye.

"Her coal-black hair was tangled, and the sigh of parting
day
Stirred tremblingly its silky folds as on her breast they lay;
How heavily her rounded arm lay buried by her side!
How drooping her lashes seemed those star-bright eyes
to hide!

And once there played upon her lips a smile like summer air,
As though Death came with gentle face, and she mocked
her idle fear.

"Low o'er the dying maiden's form the king and father
bowed,
Stern anguish holds the place of pride upon the monarch's
brow;

"My daughter, in the world thou leav'st so dark without
thy smile,
Hast thou one care a Father's love—a King's word may
beguile—

Hast thou one last light wish—"tis thine—by Isis' throne on high.
If Egypt's blood can win it thee, or Egypt's treasure buy.'

"How anxiously he waits her words; upon the painted wall
In long gold lines the dying lights between the columns fall;
It leads her sinking limbs a glow, her pallid cheek a blush,
And on her lifted lashes throws a fitful lingering flush,
And on her parting lips it plays: oh! how they crowd to hear

The words that will be iron chains to bind them to her prayer:—

"Father, dear father, it is hard to die so very young,
Summer was coming, and I thought to see the flowers sprung,

Must it be always dark like this?—I cannot see thy face—
I am dying, hold me, Father, in thy kind and close embrace;
Oh! let them sometimes bear me where the merry sun-beams lie,

I know thou wilt, farewell, farewell! 'tis easier now to die!
"Small need of bearded leeches there; not all Arabia's store

Of precious balm could purchase her one ray of sunlight more;
Was it strange that tears were glistening where tears should never be,

When death had smitten down to dust the beautiful and free?
Was it strange that warriors should raise a woman's earnest cry

For help and hope to Heaven's throne, when such as she must die?

"And ever when the shining sun has brought the summer round,
And the Nile rises fast and full along the thirsty ground,

They hear her from her silent home to where the gay sun-light
May linger on the hollow eyes that once were starry bright,
And strew sweet flowers upon her breast, while gray-haired matrons tell

Of the high Egyptian maiden-queen that loved the light so well!"

Mr. Arnold's verses are of a very different stamp from the usual poems of university men. From the 'Dedictory Sonnet to the Dowager Countess Waldegrave,' to the 'Lines to a Lady with a copy of the Poems of John Keats,' there is little of a scholastic tone in the book, though both the subjects and language often denote a man of classical learning and taste. To inexperience, or to carelessness of composition, we suppose we must ascribe faults which prevent the poems as a whole making an impression so favourable as that which is made by particular passages, with which every reader will be arrested and pleased.

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From various parts of the narrative we select some extracts, which will give an idea of the author's enterprise as a traveller and his style as a writer, affording specimens, at the same time, of the kind of information which the work contains.

From various parts of the narrative the reader will gradually gather some personal details of the author's history, which increase the interest felt in his adventures. Thus, in speaking in one place of his knowledge of American character, there is an autobiographical passage, which explains how the author knows the English language well, though not knowing much of the English national character:—

"Having come to North America comparatively a youngster, unable to speak the language, I was obliged to take up any work I could get, to make my living—for I felt too proud to write back to Germany for money—and I was, therefore, first fireman and deckhand, then cook, on board the *Mississippi* and *Arkansas* steamers; set up cordwood in Tennessee, and worked at the silversmith business in Cincinnati; farmed in Missouri; was bar-keeper and finally hotel-keeper in Louisiana; stock-keeper awhile in Arkansas; and after having become familiar with the language and habits, hunted four years in the backwoods of Arkansas, principally in the *Tourche la Fave* and *Ozark* mountains, and *White* and *St. Francis* river swamps, for bears, deer, and turkeys. So that I have led a wild life in a wild country, and got acquainted there with all the best and also the worst characters in the Union; and am able to affirm, that as there is not a more noble and honest character in the world than those backwoodsmen of America, however rough they may be, there is also not a worse set of thieves and cut-throats in creation than the gamblers and adventurers who were at that time trying their fortune in New Orleans, Cincinnati, or the Indian territory, by gambling, or, if that would not do, by robbery and murder."

In another place the author speaks of "a little volume of Moore's '*Lalla Rookh*,' which had been his companion through the Pampas, over the Cordilleras, and in the mines of California." It also appears that he is a family man, in far countries thinking of wife and children in the fatherland, *dulces reminiscitur Argos*, while the burst of joyous and tender feeling at the close of the work, on returning home, shows that the heart had not been hardened by rough knocking about in the world. Of the author's personal adventures, enterprising spirit, and general intelligence, the extracts from the work will sufficiently testify.

The first volume chiefly relates to South American countries which have often been described by travellers, and concerning which we find little that is new or remarkable in Mr. Gerstaecker's narrative. The author had paid his passage to California in the good ship *Talisman*, in which he had sailed from Germany, but at Rio Janeiro he resolved to go over to Buenos Ayres, and thence across the Pampas on horseback, in hope of reaching Valparaiso in time to rejoin the vessel after rounding Cape Horn, and to continue his voyage in her to San Francisco. He reached Valparaiso just one day too late, and had to wait for another ship, but the time was well spent, as some of the most spirited sketches of South American life relate to the Chilians and their town, and so delighted was he with his residence, that he says, "should I ever choose another country for my home, after having seen nearly the whole world, it would be Chili." Those who have not read more detailed accounts of these countries will find Mr. Gerstaecker's narrative

lively and instructive. We pass on to California, of the population of which the following account is given:—

"Amongst the whites, every part of the world seemed to have sent to California some odd specimen of its curiosities in mankind, and I found a number of them principally among my own countrymen. The most of these, however, had come with the first volunteers, and even before gold had been discovered in California, from the States—Uncle Sam having sent them out rather on speculation. These volunteers—and, rather singularly, the greater part of them Germans, were but adventurers, who had nothing to lose in the world but their lives, and they knew exactly the value of them. The United States must have regarded them as lost at that time, for it is impossible they could think a handful of such 'food for powder' would be able to conquer a whole, and even very extensive state; but if the Spaniards killed them, government had then a just excuse to avenge its citizens. Those few mad-caps, however, cut off from all succour, and finding themselves rather in a scrape, aided at the same time by the fearless heart of the adventurous and daring Fremont, with a troop of trappers and hunters, really took possession of the forts, and kept them till the States first, and afterwards the citizens of the whole world, sent over their masses of people to hold the country against everything California itself or Mexico could afterwards effect.

"Of these volunteers, when the gold had been once discovered, crowds deserted, leaving the officers to follow them, and the forts to themselves. Most of them also discovered the richest mines; thus, for instance, Sullivan's Creek, one of the richest places in the whole region, was discovered by some of Sullivan's dragoons; the Mormon Gulch, Carson's Creek, the Rich Gulch, and many more, by others. But these men seemed to have thought—and, in fact, they affirmed it themselves—that these rich placers would never be exhausted. As soon as they gained money then, and sometimes five, six, or more ounces in a day, they threw it away again in champagne and other luxuries, which they had formerly never thought of, expecting the next day to furnish new gold. Thus they lived in a perfect trance—a kind of intoxication of golden dreams—till more and more gold-diggers flocked in, and filled the gulches and ravines, and as they occupied those places where there was the least sign of gold, the precious metal became scarcer every day; and these old diggers, not willing to acknowledge such a fact, now crossed over from one river to another, commencing here and there to search for such spots as they had found before, and giving it up as soon as the place would not pay, till they themselves could not pay anything more, and found themselves at last obliged to work with the rest for whatever they could get, when they had to be satisfied with two and three dollars a day, though they had formerly spurned a place that had not yielded them as many ounces.

"Plenty of these men were now in San Francisco, and also at the Mission Dolores, working for what they could get, merely to gain their living during the rainy season.

"Runaway seamen, principally from whalers, abounded, also deserters from the Mexican war; and I am sure there never was, and never will be, such a country and such a time again, where all stages of society and such a variety of characters will be mixed up in a similar way, as at that time in California. Let there be ever so much gold discovered in other parts of the world, all these characters could only be collected once in one single spot; and though a good many of them will emigrate, they will never find themselves together again."

The author's general impression of California and its prospects is thus stated:—

"And now, what kind of a country is California? will it realize all those high expectations we have of it? will it pay?

"'Quien sabe?' the Californian himself says,

with his ever-ready answer; but I will tell you my opinion about it, dear reader, and you may then judge for yourself.

"The mines of California will never be exhausted during our lives or those of our children; even all those places which are thought worked up at present, will be washed over again when a more quiet process has succeeded to the present washing with common cradles and pans, and railways have been laid to the most prominent mining places to secure them, together with regular communication, a low price for provisions and other necessities. The time, however, when individuals could make a fortune in the mines in one or two weeks, is past; they may do it now by speculations, but can do the same everywhere else; and they will never have another chance—except with exceptions, of course—of finding very rich spots, and sticking to them by themselves till they have exhausted them. There are too many now pressing around them. But that is rather an advantage than a disadvantage, for a more regular way of working the different places will come into use; people will commence from the outset with a steadier will; and if they stick to work, perseveringly and industriously—though hard work it be—they will earn good wages.

"California will always—that is, for a length of time to come—be a land in which to make money—or lose it; and any one living there must resign nearly all those social ties, which he has been accustomed to in the old country."

As so much has been published lately about Australia, we shall not refer to that part of Mr. Gerstaecker's book, further than to say that much valuable information is presented on many subjects connected with the colony, as well as lively descriptions of his own adventures there.

At Tahiti, Mr. Gerstaecker was introduced to Queen Pomare:—

"Pomare was seated by herself on a mat, sewing some calico. Answering our 'Toranna, Pomare,' very kindly, she invited us to be seated; and my guide told her in her language, which he spoke fluently, that I had come to pay her my respects, and show her a new German instrument, that might please her. She looked at it, but with far less curiosity than I had expected; and, as the children and other persons of her court were pressing their noses and eyes outside against the bamboo-walls of the hut, trying to catch a glimpse of us, or a sound of the instrument, but not daring to come in, she asked me to go out with it before the house, to let all have an opportunity of seeing it, and she would follow us. Of course I did as she wished me; and soon afterwards she appeared upon the threshold of her house, upon which she sat down; her husband, a young, fine-looking Indian, now also appearing, and standing at her side.

"How many descriptions of this poor queen have been circulated, and mostly by persons who know nothing about her, or thought they could well insult or play a joke upon an Indian queen, who lived so many thousands of miles off, as Pomare! All that I heard and saw of Pomare here, in her own residence, only honoured her in every respect. She behaved even with dignity, though without the least pride, towards strangers or her inferiors. Her figure is by no means corpulent, as people have described or slandered it. She may be now about forty years of age, and is, if not slender, certainly well made, and as simply dressed as one of her subjects. When I saw her, she wore one of the common wrappers which all the women wear upon these islands, only of some good light stuff, a silk handkerchief round her neck, and a straw hat, of the same form as those of the men, upon her head. Though not beautiful, she was very good-looking; and if she had been a queen in Europe, she would have been called a beauty.

"It was getting dark when I left the royal couple, the children hanging on to me, and wanting a little more; but I did not wish to tire Pomare, and had seen what I wanted; so taking leave of the queen and her consort, and shaking hands with them, I went back to town."

From Maiao to Emao our traveller crossed in a small boat, and the narrative of this voyage presents a favourable specimen of his powers of description:—

"The breeze was light but steady, and the oldest of the Indians, who was tattooed up to his teeth, held the steering-oar, while the two others went to work to trim the boat, and get the whole affair a little ship-shape. This done, one stretched himself out very leisurely upon one of the hen-coops, while the other took hold of a dry piece of wood, chipped off a piece of it, and began, by rubbing another piece against it, to ignite the quickly blackening wood-dust. I had always thought this process a very tedious job, but the young fellow, throwing his whole energy into it, procured fire in about four or five minutes, and blowing it a little till the other had twisted a small cigar out of some tobacco and a piece of banana-leaf, they lit it, and each took a few whiffs at it in turn, letting the kindled wood go out again. With each cigar, which they smoked in about two minutes among them, they set to work again with the two sticks, resting in the intervals upon the hen-coops.

"Night now set in, and overhauling my provisions, I made a most delicious supper of a piece of roasted pig, with lemon-juice, some baked bread-fruit, and the milk of a cocoa-nut; then rolled myself up in my serape, and soon fell sound asleep, the glittering stars shining out upon me in their full splendour.

"It might have been two o'clock when I awoke, and found the whole crew fast asleep. The old fellow and one of the youngsters lay in the bow of the boat, on some pieces of tapa and other things they had taken with them, I presume to trade, and the third bent over the steering oar which was trailing after us in the water, and the sail flapping on the mast. This would not do. The breeze was not at all brisk, and we could not make much headway. But drifting in such a manner could only take us back with the current; and besides that, the sky looked exactly as if a rattling breeze would soon blow over the waters.

"But whereabouts were we? Clouds were chasing each other over the sky, and I had to watch the stars some time before I could find out where north or south was; but I soon got a glimpse of the southern cross; and waking the young fellow in the stern-sheets, and sending him to the rest—a command he obeyed very readily—I took the steering-oar, and bending the line of the sheet round one of the thwarts, to have more purchase over the sail in case a stiffer breeze sprung up, I turned her head towards the east, keeping the course, as well as I was able, without a compass.

"The breeze gradually died away, but there was a change in the atmosphere, and I did not like the look of the clouds and the whole horizon. Only too soon I found that I had not been mistaken. Just about twelve o'clock, it came with a deep murmuring sound, growling and whistling over the water, the breeze veering at the same time more and more round towards the east; but how her head was exactly, I could no longer tell, for thick black clouds were spread over the whole horizon, and hid every star in the sky. Without a compass, I could do nothing with the little craft but keep her as close on the wind as possible, though I knew we should drift at least three points to leeward; and fearing, at the same time, the harder and harder blowing breeze would injure our mast, I called to the Indians to rise and reef top-sails, as we were running about five knots through the water.

"I called and called, but they did not hear me—they slept like tops—and our little craft, bending more and more over to leewards, shot along with a speed of which I had not thought her capable. Keeping the sheet-line in my hand, and knowing the boat to be properly ballasted, I had no fear of an accident. In the worst case, our mast—a most indifferent piece of timber—would certainly break, and the waves were not yet high enough to swamp us if we drifted broadside on to a sea. Notwithstanding, I kept calling the men, it being rather a disagreeable feeling to have the whole manage-

ment of the boat, and the wind rising higher and higher; but my voice proved too weak to disturb their repose, none of them stirred; and giving it up at last in despair—for I would not leave the oar, as the boat now skimmed the waves in fine style—I kept her, as I had done before, close on the wind, trusting the rest to fate and fortune.

"But the breeze grew higher, and the sea with it, and what I had tried in vain for nearly half an hour, a friendly wave did for me in an instant. It was the first water we shipped, the boat driving with perfect fury against the foaming sea; and the old Indian, who was lying in the fore part of the little craft, got the whole benefit of it. Raising himself up quickly enough, he sat there in the bow, looking rather astonished around him; but a second sea followed the first, and the old fellow, who was not slow in comprehending the state of affairs, was up in a minute. He also lost no more words; but taking hold of the halyards, and letting down the sheet, he kept stamping at the same time upon his comrades, to get them up also; and as soon as we made no more headway, I had nothing to do but to keep her head right against the sea. The old Indian seemed not to have the least notion of setting the sail again as long as there was such a breeze; and while one baled out, the other two squatted down and looked at the sky. But I got them at last to take a reef in the sail and raise it again; and the worst of the squall having blown over, we commenced going through the water again at the rate of four or five knots an hour.

"What course we steered I was not able to tell, but about an hour afterwards some parts of the blue sky became visible again, and the moon also rose in the east, right to windward. We were running up towards the north as hard as we could, but there being no help for it, I left the steering-oar again to my old Indian, and rolling myself up in my blanket, soon felt fast asleep.

"At daybreak, next morning, we saw the high and rough outlines of Emao—but far, far off to windward, and not to be driven away to the north, we tacked, and apparently drew nearer to land; but drifting of course to leeward, as all whale-boats do close on a wind, we could hardly do much more than hold our own. I therefore took the patience of the Indians for a pattern, who, seeing no chance of doing any good by fretting themselves unnecessarily, took to their two sticks again, rubbed fire, and smoked little bits of cigars."

After two more days' sailing Emao was reached, and a gorgeous description is given of its scenery. But we pass on to different scenes, and give our traveller's account of his rhinoceros hunting in Java:—

"We followed so long, that Peter at last got tired, and assured me it was useless to proceed any further, we could not come up with the animal; but I told him if he thought so, to stop where he was, and I would go by myself—if he heard me shoot he could easily come up. But he was rather ashamed to do this I think, and after consulting a few seconds with the Sunda man, while I went on, not to lose time, I heard them coming after me—Peter groaning as loud as he could, evidently greatly dissatisfied with the chase.

"The vegetation here was really magnificent, but I had no time now to look at it, or spend a second in anything but the chase—the vegetation did not run away, but the rhinoceros did; and so passing beauties many a botanist would give his little finger only to see, I pushed on, heedless over what ground the animals went, and only once in a while taking notice in which direction we proceeded, so that if I should lose my companions, I might not lose myself.

"I had followed the two monsters for about an hour or more, with not a dry thread upon me; when reaching a little knob, right in the midst of one of the most powerful thickets, I involuntarily grasped my gun—not twelve yards distant before me, I heard a sharp and loud sounding noise, resembling the sound a frightened stag gives in the woods, only far, far louder, more like the escape-pipe of a steamboat. While watching the track, I had not looked upon the bushes, and there, so

close before me, that I could have thrown my cap upon the huge mass of flesh, I recognised—only half-hid in the thick and drooping foliage of the bushes—the immense dark body of one of the old fellows I had been after since yesterday. I could just distinguish the outlines of the huge bulk of this rhinoceros, when, seeing its head turned towards me, as if to make out what little creature had been daring enough to follow him to his mountain fastness, I raised my gun and pulled trigger.

"So much for percussion caps in wet weather, which have not a little copper-plate over the white substance inside—snap, said the right, snap, said the left barrel, as the cocks struck, without igniting the caps; and nearly at the same moment, Peter's gun—a double-barrelled fowling-piece—at some distance behind me in the bushes, went off by itself, I expect, for I heard the ball strike a tree close by rather high. The rhinoceros, hearing the strange clicking sounds, and the crack of the gun, blew as if with a trumpet, and commenced stamping the underwood down under its feet.

"I looked round quickly for a tree—for I did not expect anything else, after the dreadful tales they had told me about the animal, but to see it come rushing upon me—to stamp me under foot; observing one about ten yards distant, I thought I would reach it, and await the result. But the monster came not; he seemed intent only on amusing itself with smashing the bushes, as if clearing out an improvement for himself.

"My first thought was to clean the tubes and have another aim at the animal, but remembering that one barrel of Peter's gun was still loaded, I looked around to make him come up to me. But where was Peter, or his companion? Taking the alarm, I think, as soon as the rhinoceros began to rear and tear, they had fled to some place of security. I had no choice but to take out my turnscrew, in sight of the enemy, and use it—always ready though, at a second's warning, to fly to the nearest tree, should the animal make a motion to have a stamp at me. But the rhinoceros, apparently far too peaceable a customer to have any such ideas, gave me a last look, and dashing again into the bushes, soon disappeared, leaving me pricking away at my tubes, raving mad, to get them open again, so as to be able to pour in some fresh dry powder. I did it as fast as I could, of course; but it took me at least five minutes; and now nothing was left me but to push on after the flying game.

"There were two of them, and they seemed to choose nearly impassable thickets, breaking down old logs and trunks like reeds. Away we went, through branches and sloughs—I following in a monstrous rage at not being able to come up with them; the giant beasts, just rolling along, as it seemed, at their common pace, to get out of harm's way. Several times I was near enough to hear them blow, when they got the wind of me, but I never halted a minute to ascertain their exact direction, as I had only to keep the trail, rush down the slope, and storm them up. All my efforts were in vain—the ground was so rough I could not get nearer, at least not in sight of them; and only by following down hill, as it seemed, upon reaching a little more open wood, I gained on them just enough to come in sight of the black hide of the hindmost.

"I had heard that they rushed invariably upon the hunter if they were wounded; but not in a humour just then to consider what they might do, after I had shot, I raised my gun at the first chance, knowing that the next moment would bury them behind the thick curtain of the bushes; and pulling trigger, this time at least I could hear the ball strike the black hide, penetrating it of course, as I shot pointed slug balls, which go through nearly anything.

"Holding back the second barrel—for I really did think the wounded and enraged animal would come and call for it—I stopped a moment; but no—it never thought of turning round, and simultaneously with the shot, I heard the two animals breaking through the bushes like a small hurricane. This did not last long—I heard a heavy

splash in the water; and, a hundred yards farther, I stood on the margin of the lake I had started from."

After narrating various other sporting adventures, the author says,—

"I do not think there is a better country for game, even the United States not excepted, than Java, upon the face of the earth. The interior of Africa I have not seen yet. I have hunted a great part of my life, and in the most different parts of the world—from the bear-hunt in the Mississippi swamps, down to the partridge-shooting in our own country—but I never saw such a quantity of game together in one small district, and surrounded by habitations, as in Java; and particularly in the Treanger Regentschappen—a district celebrated for game.

"A year ago, his Excellency the Lieutenant-governor had a large hunt arranged there in the Bandong flat, with, I believe, forty or fifty Europeans with guns, and three or four hundred mounted natives; and they killed—shot and slaughtered—something better than nine hundred head of deer, in not much more than three hours time, after the hunt had commenced."

We have quoted as much of Mr. Gerstaecker's narrative as our space will allow, and enough to satisfy our readers that this is a book of travels of a superior kind, both as regards the varied information it contains, and the spirited style in which it is written.

Poetics: An Essay on Poetry. By E. S. Dallas. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A book on the science of poetry and the philosophy of criticism is one worthy of some consideration. To write such a treatise well requires a combination of qualities which few authors possess. To refined taste and extensive learning must be added acuteness of metaphysical analysis and power of philosophical inquiry and statement. These qualifications Mr. Dallas possesses, and he has been trained in a good school, being a pupil and admirer of Sir William Hamilton, the distinguished Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, to whom the work is dedicated. If the volume does not meet with general popularity it will be chiefly from the abstruseness of some of its subjects, and the comparatively small number of those who enter into philosophical inquiries such as those in which the author is at home. But there are many parts of the book with which every reader of ordinary intelligence and common taste, with love of poetry in any of its departments, may be pleased and instructed. The Essay opens with a disquisition on the old question—What is poetry? Mr. Dallas does not arrive at any more categorical answer than those who have taken up the same inquiry before him. We are reminded of the quaint heading of the last chapter of one of the books of one of our great novelists—*The Conclusion, in which Nothing is Concluded*. To another similar question—What is beauty?—endless answers have been attempted; but after the wisest disquisitions of metaphysical research, there is wit as well as philosophy in the remark that "it is the question of a blind man." In like manner, when it is asked what poetry is, we would reply, it is the question of a prosaic man. There is an end of all poetry when we come to inquire what poetry is. It is far easier to state what poetry is not, than what it is. Some of the common sayings of popular feeling are as near the mark as the most elaborate definitions of critics and philosophers. But still the inquiry is neither vain nor profit-

less, and it stands connected with many important departments of mental science. Mr. Dallas enters deeply into the internal metaphysics and the external criticism of his subject, dividing the inquiry into the two great topics of poetry and poesy—*poetry* expressing the poetic feeling, the subjective state of the mind, and *poesy* the art of song, the objective ideas, expressed in words, so as to stir in the soul the poetic feeling. We have not space to follow the author in any of the discussions upon the mental conditions implied in poetry. The first and second books treat of "the nature of pleasure," and of "the laws of poetry," in which the philosophy of this part of the subject is ably discussed. Then follows the treatise on "the kinds of poesy," and on "the language of poesy." We can only give one or two detached specimens of the author's style of thought and of writing. After classifying the kinds of poesy under the three great heads—1. Dramatic; 2. Epic; 3. Lyrical—the first exemplified chiefly in modern and western art, the second in antique and Grecian art, and the third in primitive and Eastern art, Mr. Dallas says—

"There can of course be no doubt as to the lyrical tone of Eastern or primitive poesy; it may only be doubted whether the prevailing tone of modern poesy be dramatic, and the prevailing tone of the antique be epic. Let us look then to the epics of the former and to the dramas of the latter. Milton and Dante are the two greatest narrative poets of romantic times. Yet Milton roughcast his poem as a drama, and when giving it another, its present shape, expressed, with an instinct which lesser men dare not gainsay, a fear lest he might be living in an age too late for epic poesy; and his modern compeer, with a like albeit less-informed instinct, borrowing from the drama, entitled his work *The Comedy of Dante Alighieri*. Thus on the one hand, the modern epic bewrays itself, and proves that it is the child of a dramatic age. On the other hand, the antique drama tells the tale of its epic parentage. Who in these modern times are the great sticklers for a classical taste, and for a classical taste in the drama? They are the heirs of that language remarkable above all the Romanesque languages for the store of tales which it has hoarded up—these chiefly the unconscious labours of its infancy. The old French or Languedoui has but few lyrics: romances and fabliaux form the bulk of its literature. The genius of the Trouvère was all for narrative; and his mantle so remained with those who in aftertimes turned to the theatre that their drama is really a narrative delivered by many mouths; in other words, their classic drama is an epic drama. And here let it be observed, that while the history of the drama is the same in every country where it is allowed to run its course unfettered, there is a most marked resemblance between its rise in France and its rise in Greece. For France had not only, in the north, poets of an epic turn, Trouvères, speaking the Languedoui, but had also, in the south, poets of a lyrical turn, Troubadours, who employed the Languedoc. We find that the former flourished chiefly not at the French court, but under the sceptre of the English sovereigns in England and in Normandy; and although the latter, the Provençal, poets after the Albigensian war could no longer be said to flourish, yet their influence never died away, but passing into the sister dialects of Italy and of Castile, there lived, as it also in a manner continued to survive in the south of France. And it was the union of those two streams, the lyricism of Southern France, of Italy, and of Spain acting upon the epic genius of the true French, that gave birth to their drama such as it is. If instead of the Languedoui and the Languedoc we place the Ionic and Doric dialects (largely understood,) the former employed by the epic and other cyclic poets, and chiefly, be it marked, among the colonies on the further side of the Ægean, while the latter, the speech of an elder race, was the very tartan of the lyric, do you

not see that among the Greeks as among the French the same elements were at work, and working too under circumstances very nearly the same? What the Greek drama owed to the dithyrambic and other choral odes connected with the worship of Dionysus, the wine god, has often been rated so highly as to leave an impression that it sprang mainly if not entirely from a lyrical stock; a notion fairly met and set aside by the saying of Æschylus himself, that his tragedies were but scraps from the great feast supplied by Homer. Here is a receipt in full of a large epic debt, and coming from the most lyrical of the Greek dramatists it is entitled to the greatest weight. This meeting of lyrical with epic tendencies gave rise upon an entirely new stage, at Athens as at Paris, to the classical drama, a drama which in the parts not wholly lyrical, that is to say, in the parts which have a dramatic form, is truly epic in thought, word and deed; dealing in narrative; delighting in the historical tenses, quite unlike the romantic drama, where if a narrative is to be delivered it is delivered in the present tense, and often, as in the well-known case of good Lancelot Gobbo, one of a thousand, the very circumstances are acted by the speaker. 'The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Lancelot Gobbo, good Lancelot, or good Gobbo, or good Lancelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, No: take heed, honest Lancelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Lancelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy heels.'

"This leads us behind the scenes, and to the inwards of poesy, in the unfolding of which still further and stronger proof will be forthcoming of the position above maintained, that romantic art is dramatic, that classical art is epic, and that the divine or primitive art is lyrical. For the Drama is truly a thing of Present time, the Epic of Past, and the Lyric of Future; and if, while showing this, it can also be shown that the Western mind dwells chiefly in the Present, that the Greek dwelt in the Past, and that the Eastern dwelt in the Future, something will be advanced very forcibly bearing on that position."

From the chapters on the Language of Poesy we give but one brief extract, relating to the rhythm of the verse of Shakspeare and of Milton, and other greatest poets:—

"How different does the verse of Shakspeare read from Milton's mighty line, where the bars, although not of equal length, as in blank verse they seldom are, yet are generally of equal weight, and you are made to feel of a surety that you are in among the billows of always the same great stream, till at last, from their rhythm alone, you can tell them out of a thousand. Not thus do we recognise Shakspeare; we know him by his feeling, his thought, his imagery, his words, but seldom if ever by the movement of his verse. And how indeed should it be so! The individuality of the speakers, and of all their sayings, demands not only in their speeches as a whole, but also, in a lower degree, in every speech, entire individuality; a demand which it is not in the bar, far less in the stanza, to fulfil, and which can only be satisfied with metrical prose. *Prose*—that is the common, but it is not the proper word; for whatever is metrical, however it may be written, is truly entitled to the name of verse. The habit, however, of calling by the name of verse only those measures which rise into regular bar and stanza, has led to what very strongly confirms the foregoing view. Together with a feeling that truly dramatic measures, however they may be written, neither do nor ought to rise so high, it has led men to rank Plays apart from Poems, the Plays from the Poems of Shakspeare.

"That the bar is for Narrative, the stanza for Lyric poesy, is more easy of proof. Everybody will allow that nothing short of the stanza is fit for the Lyric. In the earliest age of poesy, the lyrical, the measures are by far the most intricate and circular; and in all ages there are very few cases, and none of importance, where the lyric has

taken any form but that of the stave. It has only therefore to be shown that the bar, and the bar alone, not the stanza, belongs to Narrative.

"Can such a statement stand? it will be asked. How can it stand in the face of known facts, the host of ballads, the ottava rima, the Spenserian stanza? These are undoubtedly well-known facts; but it is also a stubborn fact, that in all such measures we have at least the lyrical twang; and it is a fact enough to overwhelm all others that, in what are acknowledged to be the four great masterpieces of narrative poesy, Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton make use of the bar alone."

As to the practical use of these researches into the science of the poetic art there may be differences of opinion. The best poets will still write, as they always have done, without much reference to rules of art or canons of criticism, and readers will be delighted with what is well written, without caring to analyze minutely the sources or reasons of the pleasure they enjoy. But thoughtful students will find much suggestive matter in the 'Poetics' of Mr. Dallas, and at the close of his volume will feel that they have been making healthful and pleasant mental excursions with an agreeable and philosophical guide and companion.

Temple Bar: the City Golgotha. A Narrative of the Historical Occurrences of a Criminal Character associated with the present Bar. By a Member of the Inner Temple. Bogue.

"I REMEMBER," says Dr. Johnson, "being on one occasion with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey; while we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, from Ovid—

'Forstian et nostrum nomen miscabitur istis.'

When he got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me—

'Forstian et nostrum nomen miscabitur istis.'

These were the heads of some of the Jacobite rebels of '45, and the remark was a clever hit at Johnson's toriyism. It was not till the spring of 1772, that the last of the grim relics disappeared. The 'Annual Register' for January 1766, and the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of the same period, contain an account of the examination of a person discovered firing musket-balls from a steel cross-bow at the two remaining heads on Temple Bar. He affected a disorder of his senses, and said his reason for what he was doing was his strong attachment to the present government, against the enemies of which he was venting his indignation, "but," adds the report, "it is much to be feared that he is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." The two heads were those of Colonel Townley and Captain Fletcher, who were taken prisoners at Carlisle by the Duke of Cumberland, and executed on Kennington Common in the summer of 1746. After the rebellion of 1715 the heads of some of the Scottish chiefs were exposed on the Bar, and a few years later that of Christopher Layer, commonly called Counsellor Layer, who had conspired for the restoration of the Pretender. Poor Layer's head remained up for thirty years, till blown down one night in a gale of wind. A strange story is told of a Jacobite enthusiast, Dr. Rawlinson, getting possession of the head, and directing in his will that it should be deposited in his own right hand when he was buried. Of Layer's trial, and of the rebels of '15 and '45, and of other criminal cases connected with Temple Bar, interesting notices are collected in this volume. The first case

is that of Sir Thomas Armstrong, one of the leaders of the Rye-House Plot of 1683, and the Monmouth rising. Sir John Friend and Sir William Parkins were executed in March, 1696, for plotting against William III., and "the head and limbs of one, and the headless trunk of the other, were the next ornaments Temple Bar received." Evelyn, in his 'Diary,' refers to this as "a dismal sight, which many pitied."

The author chiefly confines his narrative to events of a criminal character associated with his subject, but there are also notices of general historical interest. The erection of the present Bar commenced in 1670, and was completed in 1672, the design being said to be by Sir Christopher Wren. In ancient times the bounds of the city at this place were marked only by posts, rails, and a chain, hence the name bar, instead of gate, as at other civic boundaries. At the beginning of the seventeenth century a wooden house was erected across the street, with a narrow gateway underneath. This was destroyed soon after the great fire of London. London Bridge was before this the chief place where the heads and limbs of notorious criminals were exposed. The author refers to the gradual improvement of public opinion in respect to such barbarous spectacles, and also to the change in the criminal code for political offences. In the reign of Edward IV. a Warwickshire squire was beheaded for using a coarse expression, which was erroneously said to have been applied to the king, and an innkeeper was executed for the harmless pleasantry of saying he would make his son heir to the 'Crown,' which was the sign of his house. Lord John Russell had the honour of finally carrying a measure for abolishing capital punishment for political offences, a noble satisfaction for the descendant of Lord William Russell. On the influence of such exhibitions of cruel punishment for deterring from crime, the author concludes his volume with some sensible and benevolent remarks. We are apt to express horror at the spectacles which Temple Bar formerly exhibited, but the scenes still witnessed at public executions are equally discreditable to a civilized nation. After referring to the revolting scenes still occasionally taking place, the author says:—

"Let us be convinced of this truth, that no process in this world is more calculated to harden the heart and brutalize the feelings of the public than exhibitions of the character we have mentioned; whilst, in a country professing to regulate its actions by the principles derived from Christianity, the compelling an unfortunate being to offer up his last prayer to the Throne of Mercy amidst the jeers and scoffs of a degraded rabble, to usher a soul into eternity with blasphemies and obscenities sounding in his ears, appears to us so diametrically opposed to all moral consistency, that, were it not for the knowledge that the roots of error strike deep into the mind, it would be difficult to comprehend how, for one moment longer, it could be defended by any reflecting being. What, then, do we propose as an alteration of a system believed to be repugnant alike to moral and religious feeling? We would offer then, in all seriousness, for the consideration of the public, the propriety of substituting for the publicity and noise of the open street, the privacy and stillness of the prison court, or of some other suitable locality set apart for the purpose. We propose to invest the solemn scene with every safeguard calculated to insure the humane and proper discharge of the mournful duty. Let the Sheriffs, men of honour and probity, be present; let the Reporters for the press, surpassed by none for intelligence and judicious discernment, be admitted

also; an undeniable justice served."

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also; and we shall possess the strongest and most undeniable assurance, that every obligation that justice and humanity could impose will be observed."

The opinion of the author, as a county magistrate for Middlesex, is worthy of additional consideration on this subject, as his attention must have been officially called to the influence of the present system of public executions. To the sentiment of the closing paragraph of the book every generous reader will cordially respond:—

"The day, we trust, may not, however, be distant, when man, with safety to society, may relinquish his right over the life of his fellow-man. When that shall arrive, another great step will be taken in social and moral improvement, until at length, in the fulness of time, the sublime wish, expressed in the words of the Bard of Avon, may find its accomplishment:—

"I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good.—O there were desolation of gaolers and gallowswes."

We must not omit to state that two engravings of old Temple Bar illustrate the volume, one of them from a scarce print in the author's possession, in which the heads of Townley and Fletcher are represented, accompanied by curious designs and legends. The book is an interesting addition to the literature of London antiquities and history.

Music and Friends; or, Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante. By William Gardiner. Longman and Co.

THE character and style of this work are well denoted by its title. By the words 'Music and Friends' are suggested ideas of pleasant and profitable entertainment, in which the readers of the book will not be disappointed. To any who are unacquainted with the name of William Gardiner, it will be enough to say that he is the editor of the delightful volumes entitled 'Sacred Melodies,' the author of the oratorio 'Judah,' and other pieces of merited reputation, and has the honour of being a member of the Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome, and of the class of Fine Arts in the French Institute. He is now more than an octogenarian, having been born in March, 1770, and we are happy to find that he still retains his buoyancy of spirit and vigour of mind, as well as his musical taste. In his old age he has undertaken to give some account of his life and early recollections. Two volumes of this autobiographical work have appeared already, and the concluding portion is now before us. Music has a prominent place, as might be anticipated, and many compositions of the author are interspersed through the work. His musical remarks and criticisms are pleasant to read, and the anecdotes of the state of the art in England half a century ago are curious and important historical memorials.

The miscellaneous recollections of the author's early life are not less valuable, and will afford to the historian useful materials for illustrating the internal history and social progress of the nation during the past seventy years. Of the varied contents of the book a few extracts will serve as examples. In his third year the author was sent to a dame-school in his native town of Leicester, the account of which is worth giving as a prose illustration of Shenstone's poem, and a contrast to the present scenes of juvenile education:—

"In my third year I was sent to a dame school,

kept by Mrs. Loseby, who lived in the house now converted into Payne's fish shop, in High-street, Leicester. There was only one other male youngster in the school besides myself, Master Welby Vaughan (third son of Doctor Vaughan, an eminent physician). This cherub knight, a year older than myself, was regarded by me as a Don Quixote, to whom I played the part of Sancho Panza. We were made to sit on a small form by ourselves, distinct from the little girls, who filled the school. When breeched for the first time, I well recollect the display I made with my jacket interlaced with silver sugar-loaf buttons. The glitter produced in me the first sensations of pride, and evidently the first feeling of envy in my schoolfellow. Mrs. Loseby was a little sharp old woman, so crooked and lame that she could not move from her chair. She was the horror of my waking and sleeping thoughts. How often have I dreamed that she hobbled after me, frightful figure as she was, and when upon the point of being caught, I have started from my sleep, miraculously escaping from her grasp. My young Doctor led me into many a scrape, for which we were called up to the judgment seat, to be punished by a smart slap upon the hand, with a small mahogany battledore which she kept by her side—which gave the fingers a tingling sensation for some time. When the old lady was ill we were turned over to the maiden government of her niece, Jane Glover, a good tempered, and pleasing young person, who I then supposed was the heroine of the following verse, which I had often heard sung, to very pretty music:—

'Go to Jane Glover,
And tell her I love her,
And by the light of the moon
I will come to her.'

"In the summer time we were treated with a tea drinking at the Bath gardens. Upon this gala day we were all dressed in our best; our heads were curled and powdered, and what was very showy, the girls were all clad in white, with a pink sash, and red morocco shoes. We walked hand-in-hand, without hats or caps, to the great admiration of the people who lined the streets to look at us."

The recent mustering of the Militia gives interest to the account of the state of public feeling in 1778:—

"About this time the Militia was drawn for, an event which produced an extraordinary sensation in the public mind. A thousand red coats, with arms in their hands, started up in the Market-place, as if by magic, and fired a volley which alarmed and shook the whole town. The surprise was unexampled—a soldier not having been seen since the civil wars.

"Previous to the general muster, half-a-dozen lads had been sent up to London, to be taught various instruments, in order to form a military band. Their German master, Baumgarten, put into their hands a new instrument, called the clarinet, which, with its fiery tone, was better adapted to lead armies on to battle than the meek and feeble oboe. This instrument, with its companion, the bassoon, was to be found in every country choir. The fierceness of war has, however, driven the oboe out of society, and it is now nearly forgotten. After the regiment had been drilled for a month, the stocking maker and ploughman returned to their homes, with a self-importance never felt before, looking down upon their fellows almost with contempt, and returning reluctantly to their work. In 1778 the American war was at its height, and the militia was called out on actual duty. The panic produced by this measure is not to be described. Every wife and mother's son dreamt of seeing husband and father slain in battle; nor was the public mind at all appeased till it was declared that, constitutionally, the militia could not be sent out of the kingdom. However, on June 10th, the phalanx marched out, with drawn swords, drums rolling, and colours flying, by the Ashby-road, for Liverpool, and thence to Ireland. The town was deserted, especially by the females, who had come from every part of the county to accompany their sweethearts part of the way, which they did many

miles before they could bid the last farewell. The charm of the band, playing lively quick steps, drew me as far as Grooby, ere I took leave of my friend Perry. This young gentleman lived within a door of us, and, as boys, we were companions. Though he was not more than twelve years of age, he was admitted an ensign in his father's company. He wore a sword and full uniform. In every respect he was my superior, yet he continued his acquaintance with me, of which I was not a little proud, he being the admiration of all boys of his own age. The military dress was then absurdly uncouth. The flaps of the coat reached nearly to the 'anles, and the waistcoat flaps to the middle of the thigh. White woollen breeches, stockings, shoes and buckles, completed the lower attire. The hair, loaded with flour and pomatum, terminated in a long pigtail, as thick as your wrist, and rolled upon the shoulders. This was considered a defence against a sword cut, in battle. The head was surmounted with a large cocked hat; and the chin was so propped up, by a stiff leathern collar, that the man of war could scarcely see the ground on which he marched. The firelock was as much as any person could carry. Thus loaded and shackled, he was too unwieldy to fight, and too heavy to run away.

"On the conclusion of the American war, in 1783 (just five years afterwards), the regiment returned to their families and friends, having performed no one feat of arms, or achieved one earthly good. On their road home, Captain Spencer died at Worksoop, and was brought to be buried in the Great Meeting yard, Leicester. The same band which inspired me with their lively airs, now played in solemn style, the *Dead March in Saul*, as the hero was carried to the grave, when the troops fired a volley over him."

There has taken place a great improvement in national usages since the wakes and fairs of the olden time:—

"Wakes and fairs were continually occurring, in which the lower orders indulged in all sorts of sports, as cock-throwing, football, and singletick. The workpeople had their clubs, foot-ales, and candle-blocks. The farmers had their sheep-shearing, Maypoles, and harvest cart. In the upper classes, dancing and cards prevailed; but the grand amusement among the gentry was cockfighting. The mains to be fought were advertised in every paper, and were as common as the cricket matches at this time. Sometimes one hundred cocks were slaughtered in a day. The theatre of this amusement, called the cock-pit, stood where now stand the Assembly Rooms. Even men of rank and fashion joined in this cruel sport, and, like our Saxon ancestors, hunted all day and drank all night. The milder sports were angling, bowling, and archery. Of domestic music there was none. It was a rare thing to meet with a jingling spinnet or harpsichord. It is to the invention of the pianoforte that we must ascribe the brilliant and expressive effects of modern art, and the general spread of a musical taste in all ranks of society."

It is not often that we meet with those who were living at the outbreak of the American War of Revolution, and can describe the sensation it caused in this country:—

"The American war was the great public event of my early life, and, probably, the most important in its results, that ever happened in the history of mankind. The colonists were threatened with the severest chastisement if they dared to resist the measures of the authorities we set over them. Doctor Franklin was sent over to represent to the government the unpopularity of its arbitrary proceedings, with an offer to raise three hundred and fifty thousand pounds on their grievances being removed. Every effort at conciliation was made by them, and Lord Chatham may be said to have lost his life in his strenuous endeavours to prevent this unnatural quarrel. King George III. no one could turn. He insisted upon unconditional submission, without any redress. Resistance was laughed at. The colonists were described as a lawless rabble, without arms, food, or clothing, which a single

regiment would instantly put down. General Burgoyne said, 'Give me a broomstick, and I will go through the country.' This silly piece of boasting has been confirmed in Lord Oxford's Memoirs, published in 1848. During the altercation, government contrived to send over by small detachments not less than ninety-one thousand foot, and eleven thousand horse. I remember the plan of the battle of Bunker's-hill, fought June 17th, 1775, being published in the *Leicester Journal*, and how interested the Dissenters were in the struggle, as friends to civil and religious liberty. The capture of General Burgoyne and the whole of his army, early in the contest, was an event that raised the enthusiasm of the Americans, and promised them ultimate success. How that General must have blushed when compelled to lay down his arms to a foe whom he had treated with such gross contempt. Poets and musicians have nothing to do with arms. Though Burgoyne did not shine in the field, yet, as a bard, he was pre-eminent. See his beautiful song:—

'Why will Maria, when I gaze,
My ravished eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face,
They can behold with love.'

There are seldom winters in our time so severe as to admit of scenes such as occurred in 1783:—

"The winter of 1783 was so intense, and of such long continuance, that a party of the best skaters got up a dramatic pantomime, which they performed upon the broad sweep of the river opposite to the Bath gardens. Harlequin and Columbine were represented by the fleetest skaters. They were followed by Pantaloon and Justice Guttie. There had been just established a set of noisy watchmen in the town, with their great coats, rattles, and lanterns. These gentry formed part of the *dramatis personæ*. Besides these were sailors, milkmaids, gipsies, and ballad singers, who sang and sold doll songs written for the occasion. Nuns and friars were not forgotten. The devil pursuing the baker caused much laughter, as his satanic majesty, with his long tail, rushed through the crowd. The characters were in masks and grotesquely dressed, and the harlequinade mightily pleased the spectators on the banks, who loudly applauded the scene. Goethe was a skater, and took vast pleasure in it. He says the word comes from Schreiten—to stride—because, like the Homeric gods, the skater strides away on winged shoes over the sea-frozen plain."

The author once went to see Leasowes, the famous residence of the poet Shenstone:—

"In returning once from Worcester, through a beautiful country, I fell in with a young gentleman who was riding in the same direction as myself. We agreed to put up our horses at the pretty village of Hales Owen. My companion asked me if I had ever seen the Leasowes. I had not. They were near at hand, he said, and were well worth seeing. I was pleased with the proposition, and, having ordered dinner to be ready on our return, we set off.

"The Leasowes comprised the house and grounds of the late poet Shenstone, a fanciful residence planned by himself, but at the time of our visit fast falling into decay. Though bereaved of its charms, sufficient yet remained to show how beautiful this villa must have been when in its pride. There was no one living in the house, and no access to the grounds but through a gap in the fence. We strolled through winding paths and shady groves, ornamented with statues, colonnades, and dripping grottoes. Over one of these cool retreats the poet had placed the following inscription, since set to music in a very pleasing way by the accomplished Lord Mornington:—

'Here, in cool grove and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it, near the crystal streams,
Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies bordered o'er,
Exceed, we wot, the Parian floor.'

Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen—to the waterfall.'

"This secluded domain contains, in the smallest compass, all the beauties of poetic scenery. Nature herself is charming; but here the poet has decked her out in all the blandishments of art. From a rock gushed a little impetuous stream, that admirably played its part in this theatre of fancy. After personating waterfalls, placid lakes, and tinkling rills, it left this paradise to flow into the vulgar meadows below, to do the drudgery of turning mill-wheels, making nails, and grinding corn, under the ignoble name of the river Stour. Turning our attention to the land, what feathery woods and glossy slopes enticed you along! In sequestered spots you met with tablets in memory of departed friends. One to Lady Lyttleton—Shenstone's nearest neighbour—written by her husband, contained these beautiful lines:—

'Adieu to the village delights,
Which lately my fancy enjoyed;
No longer the country invites,
For me all its pleasures are void.
'Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing morn,
Thou canst not my comfort restore;
For ever, adieu, my dear vill,
My Lucy, alas! is no more.'

We threaded the long alleys with delight, through which, like telescopes, we looked at the faint prospects far beyond. In whatever direction we turned, there were pictures for the painter's eye. To describe this elysium, Johnson himself might write in vain. It was such a paradise as this that Garrick possessed at Chiswick, who said to the sage, 'to die and leave it made death horrible.' My visit to this lovely retreat induced me to put a few placid notes to the following lines:—

'To these lone shades where peace delights to dwell,
My fortune oft permits me to retreat;
Here bid the world, with all its cares, farewell,
And leave its pleasures to the rich and great.'

"We returned to dinner at our comfortable inn, and, after a bottle of perry, the champagne of the country, we jogged off to Birmingham, where we parted."

We think we have before heard the following anecdote of Handel, or one similar to it:—

"On entering the churchyard at Grantham, I was gratified on hearing the tones of the organ. To enjoy the true effect of this noble instrument, you should never be within view of it. I presently made my way into the organ loft, where I found a rough fellow, like a Cyclops, working away at a cramped extemporaneous fugue. When he concluded, I bowed a nod of approbation. He got up, and putting a quid of tobacco into his mouth, asked me to sit down and try the instrument. This I declined, and pressed him to give me another fugue. He was pleased, and instantly knocked out a chromatic one, with all the fury of a Polyphemus. I observed it was a fine organ, upon the full church scale. He had played it for more than fifty years, and said a stranger once came in, as I had done, while he was playing, and seemed pleased. 'I got up,' said the old fellow, 'and pressed him to sit down, which he did, and made no more ado, but pulling out all the stops, there came such a peal of thunder, I thought the church would have come down, and I swore that he was either Handel or the devil! He rose, and ran down stairs. I quickly followed, and looked below his coat-laps for his tail, to be convinced. It proved to be the old German, who popped into his carriage, which was waiting for him at the gate, and in an instant was out of sight.'"

We may return to this pleasant book, and give a few more of the author's chatty musical and miscellaneous recollections.

NOTICES.

Cobden and his Pamphlet Considered: in a Letter to Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. By Alfred B. Richards, Esq. Baily Brothers.

WITH the political matter of this pamphlet we do not interfere, although there are historical questions under discussion which might fairly bring it within the province of a literary reviewer. On these historical points some of Mr. Richards's criticisms

and appeals to authentic documents are unanswerable. But we must not pass without notice the style in which the pamphlet is written, the more so because we see it extravagantly applauded, and the author styled 'the modern Junius.' This is a complimentary epithet that has been applied to many an ephemeral writer, and with as much justice as to Mr. Alfred Richards. Powerful writing the letter contains, but the effect is completely destroyed by the tone of coarse scurrility and personal abuse which pervades it. Every page contains flowers of rhetoric such as the following:—"I have not seen this, which in your milk-and-water trance you profess to have gazed upon." "Your vulgarity jars upon my nerves, your insolence enrages me, your egotism sickens my soul." "Standing apart like a reversed Balaam, (query, Balaam's ass!—Printer's devil,) you would have cursed the nation." "The Duke of Devonshire is made briefly famous by his gardener." "Pharisee and Sadducee, publican and sinner, are now squabbling over the skeleton remains of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham." "The thing is absurd, too absurd even to figure in the cheap calico-print of your distorted mind." Junius was severe in his personalities, but he never descended to this. Strong words do not constitute powerful writing. In passages where Mr. Richards intends to raise indignation against his antagonist, he only causes amusement at his own expense.

On the Construction and Use of the Microscope. By Adolphe Hannover, M.D. Edited by John Goodsir, F.R.S.E., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh. Sutherland and Knox.

AN admirable treatise, descriptive and practical, on the microscope and microscopical observation. The name of Dr. Hannover, Anatomical Lecturer in the University of Copenhagen, is well known to scientific men, and in this country the adoption of his microscopical manual by an observer so successful and distinguished as Professor Goodsir, is itself a sufficient recommendation of the merit and utility of the book. The work is not solely intended for practical microscopists, though it contains many useful directions even for those who are most experienced in such researches. The most elementary statements are given as to the construction and use of the instrument, the author rightly judging that there are many who do not themselves take part in microscopical investigations, but must rest satisfied with mere delineations and descriptions, while at the same time skilful observers have little knowledge of the theoretical principles of the microscopical art. Sufficient account is given of the principles of dioptries and catoptries for the information of the latter class, while those who only occasionally use an instrument will find simple directions to aid them in their researches. The woodcuts are useful auxiliaries in studying the treatise, and the plates at the close of the volume delineate all the most necessary or useful apparatus, and give representations of the microscopes in general use amongst scientific investigators.

The Diary and Hours of the Lady Adolfe, 1532.

Edited by Lady Charlotte Pepys. Addey & Co. A book of pleasant and pious reading, presenting an imaginary record of the life of 'a faythfulle child,' who lived in the early days of English Protestantism, and was a martyr in the days of the Marian persecutions. The story is given in the form of a diary, with occasional meditations, and other religious fragments, in the same antique style of thought and phraseology. Considerable skill is shown in the introduction of historical scenes and public characters of the period, and much good feeling pervades the work, so far as the moral and religious excellences of the young heroine are concerned. There is at present an antiquarian tendency, not only as regards the literature, but also the substance of religious tenets and usages. The 'Diary of Lady Adolfe' is soundly Protestant in its principles, while it adopts the antique in its style. We must confess, however, that we are beginning to have enough of the fruits of this antiquarian ingenuity. Those who are well acquainted with real writings of these periods, are offended by frequent anachronisms of thought and of style, which are not

disguised by quaintness of spelling and fabrication of dates. Any future performances of this kind we must subject to more severe critical analysis, in case such books should multiply so as to form a more noticeable feature in current literature. We should not be at all surprised to find this and similar works reprinted in America as genuine compositions of the sixteenth century. The 'Diary of Ladye Adolie' is unobjectionable in its tone, and little open to criticism either on literary or historical grounds, but its success may encourage the preparation of works of a very different spirit and tendency. In typography and general appearance it is really a beautiful volume.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. By James Reid Brown, D.D., of Greenock. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

DOCTOR BROWN must be either a prodigiously pompous or a very vain man, perhaps both. He professes in his preface anxiety not to disturb any of the laurels of Tennyson, whom he was not aware was engaged in wreathing his *immortelles* for the Duke when he himself began to write. In proof of which it is added that a manuscript copy of this ode was forwarded at the time to "an influential quarter," whether to the Queen or to a local newspaper is not stated. Dr. Brown says, "How he came to engage in such a species of composition, evidently foreign to his habits and faculties, is to himself a riddle," as it will also be to his readers, when they find such verses as the following:—

"The tidings which a nation thus o'erwhelm,
Electric wires both fast and far have sped—
The peerless Peer of Britain's realm,
Great Wellington, is dead.

"A mighty compound grief is this—
Unparalleled in ages past:
Fit theme for grave analysis
While crowns and kingdoms last.

"Merit and meed, in focal brilliance blending—
Vast aggregate of Gifts, ne'er blent before!
The least of which—alone—transcending
What gave an envied Fame of yore—

"He stands before the world, a grand Concrete,
An Incarnation of phenomena new;
An army in himself—without defeat,
From proud Assaye to glorious Waterloo."

The best lines of the Ode are those with which it opens, and which are thought so good that they are printed over again at the conclusion:—

"Slowly and sadly the dirge-bell tolls
Its solemn wail through all the land;
Elegiac chimes, but rarely rung,
From high Cathedral towers,
Each parish spire's responsive tongue
Prolongs till vesper hours:

"Each rampart fires its minute guns,
Each regiment beats its muffled drums,
Each warrior-arm is deeply craped,
Each naval flag droops half-mast high,
Each civic hall is darkly draped,
Each British heart now heaves a sigh:
Slowly and sadly the dirge-bell tolls
Its solemn wail through all the land."

Dr. Brown had better confine himself henceforth to honest prose, or at least not publish poetry, which he himself confesses to be "evidently foreign to his feelings and faculties."

Homes of American Authors; comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches by various writers. New York: Putnam and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

THIS is one of the most beautiful and acceptable works which we have yet received from America. It contains accounts of the 'local habitations' of the most distinguished writers of the New World, with biographical and descriptive sketches, and notices of their principal works. Pictures of the places, which the names of their owners have made classical sites, head each biography. Portraits, and specimens of autography, increase the interest of the pictorial and artistic part of the book. The authors included in the volume are Audubon, Paulding, Washington Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Dana, Prescott, Miss C. M. Sedgwick, J. Fenimore Cooper, Everett, Emerson, Simms, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Daniel Webster, Kennedy, and James Russell Lowell. The contributors are eleven in number, including some names well known to English readers, as George William Curtis (the Howdji), William Cullen Bryant, and Mrs. C. M.

Kirkland. There are twenty engravings on steel, and a number of woodcuts, the designs of the artists and work of the engravers being far superior to what we have been accustomed to find in American works. Another volume is to contain similar accounts of other distinguished writers of the United States. The list now given is one which suggests high thoughts of American authorship, although the names of some writers of equal genius and popularity are not included in it. We are happy also to find from this work that the literary profession procures so favourable a position for its votaries in America, the residences of the authors being generally large and imposing mansions, far superior to the average of those of mercantile or professional men. In England the same proportional number of authors could not show such 'Homes.' Since literature is so flourishing a profession in the States, and its followers, on the whole, so generously dealt with, there seems additional reason for honesty and justice towards foreign authors by the establishment of international copyright.

Bibliotheca Classica. Vol. II. *Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia.* With a Commentary by the Rev. A. T. Macleane, M.A. Whitaker & Co. Or late years many admirable editions of Horace have been published in this country, as well as in America and on the Continent. Some of these excel in particular points, but taking all things together, this is the most complete and scholar-like edition with which we are acquainted, whether as regards the accuracy of the text or the excellence of the commentary and notes. With great diligence the editor has examined all the best editions of his author, and in the notes he has given whatever is of most value in the comments of the old scholiasts, with many valuable illustrations derived from his own researches in Roman history and antiquities. The introduction and the prefatory notes to the several poems display ability and taste, and show how thoroughly the editor understands and enters into the spirit of his author. With English and foreign commentators Mr. Macleane is equally familiar, and he exercises a sound and independent judgment in adopting or criticising their remarks on the text or the subjects of the poems. The 'Bibliotheca Classica,' edited by Mr. George Long and Mr. Macleane, of which this forms the second volume, promises to be a series of works most valuable to the classical student, and honourable to the scholarship of this country. The only fault we find with Mr. Macleane in his Horace is, that he is too deferential to German criticism, and that his notes are chiefly written with reference to their being examined by scholars, and with too little care for the popular illustration of an author so much read by all classes of people.

The Great Cities of the Middle Ages; or, the Landmarks of European Civilization. Historical Sketches. By Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A. With Illustrations. Routledge and Co.

THIS is a companion volume to Mr. Buckley's former work, 'The Great Cities of the Ancient World.' As in that volume, so in the present, the author has collected with diligence, and presented with skill, a great amount of curious and instructive matter. The list of cities will show the variety of the contents—Aix-la-Chapelle, Basle, Upsal, Stockholm, Julin and Wistly, the merchant cities of the Baltic, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Rouen, Paris, London, York, Winchester, Oxford, Toledo, Granada, Cologne, Nuremberg, Hamburg, Malta, Bagdad. The latter might well have been omitted, as it is the only Asiatic city introduced, and the work confined to European cities. At least, with Bagdad many other ancient cities of the eastern world might have been described. Constantinople and Mecca, for instance, have had quite as much connexion with the history of modern civilization, which it is one object of the work to trace. But some limit was necessary to keep the book within reasonable compass, and the selection of cities is on the whole judicious. It is a volume of much value to the young student of history, and contains a variety of information not

frequently found in more formal works on the countries and times under consideration. Mr. Buckley is one of the most useful and agreeable literary compilers of the present day. The book is well got up, and the illustrations and typography of a superior kind in a cheap publication. We must except the picture of the Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice, which we could not have recognised without the name being given.

SUMMARY.

A BOOK of considerable interest to antiquaries and ecclesiologists is appearing in parts, *The History and Antiquities of Saint David's*, by William Basil Jones, M.A., and Edward A. Freeman, M.A. The work is illustrated by good engravings, and is published altogether in superior style. The cathedral archeology displays laborious research on the part of the learned editors. Of Mr. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* a cheap edition is issued, without the engravings and woodcuts, which will bring the tale within the reach of a large circle of readers. *The Life of a Collegian*, a novel in two volumes, is a lively rattling story of Dublin and Dublin University life. To the many editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, another is added by the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh, with a hundred and thirty woodcuts by Matthew Ullwin Sears, frontispiece by Gilbert, and ornamental title-page by Phiz, whose sketches are not very appropriate, with the exception of Topsy. This is a beautiful edition of the work, the typography superior, and the artists' designs spirited and well-drawn. *A Lecture on the Origin, Manufacture, and Importance of Paper*, delivered at the Islington Literary and Scientific Institution, contains much historical and miscellaneous information on the subject. There are at present upwards of seven hundred paper mills in the United Kingdom, three-fourths of them constantly at work, and the estimated value of the paper made is about 4,000,000*l.* The quantity charged with excise duty in 1850 was no less than 141,032,474 lbs. A pamphlet, *Dr. Cumming's Genesis and Geology Examined*, by Edward Madely, junior, shows that the reverend lecturer at Exeter Hall has very superficial knowledge of science, but does not itself throw much light on the difficult questions under discussion. *The Romance of Military Life*, being souvenirs of thirty years since, by Lieut.-Col. G. Poulett Cameron, published in monthly parts, presents spirited sketches of scenes and adventures of military service in various parts of the world.

Of the 'Library Edition of the Waverley Novels,' the twelfth volume contains *Kenilworth*, the frontispiece being a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, after a picture of Zuechero. An American work, *My First Visit to Europe; or, Sketches of Society, Scenery, and Antiquities in Great Britain and in France*, by Andrew Dickinson, is by an author not so acute as most of his travelling countrymen, but having sympathies of a wide and warm kind. The second edition of a treatise on *Near Sight, Aged Sight, and Impaired Vision*, by William White Cooper, contains many useful hints of importance to other than professional readers. The remarks on the means of preserving and of assisting sight are worthy the attention of literary men. The first number is published of a new quarterly periodical, *The Glasgow Medical Journal*. A town so populous, and whose University and Medical School are so distinguished, may well support a periodical of this kind, and the contents of the first number give promise of its being the medium of varied and important contributions to medical science. A third edition is published of a volume on *Homoeopathy: its Tenets and Tendencies, Theoretical, Theological, and Therapeutical*, by Professor James Y. Simpson, of the University of Edinburgh. All that has been said for the system by its defenders is fairly stated and examined on philosophical grounds, though the learned Professor can with difficulty refrain from dealing with homoeopathic practitioners either as credulous or dishonest men, and justifies the refusal of granting medical degrees or of holding professional intercourse with any who support the Hahnemannian theory.

A Plea for Geology and its Professors, by E. P. H. Vaughan, contains a few brief remarks on geological inquiries, chiefly with reference to their supposed antagonism to revealed scripture, which may assist in removing scruples and prejudices still retained by those ignorant of the objects and limits of this department of science. A devotional treatise, by Dr. Tholuck of Halle, *The Circle of Human Life*, translated by the Rev. Robert Menzies, of Hoddam, N.B., contains meditations suitable to various periods and events of human life, as 'baptism, marriage, death. The meditations form the concluding part of Dr. Tholuck's *Stunden Christlicher Andacht*, a book deservedly popular in Protestant Germany. A volume of *Sermons on Various Subjects*, by the Rev. A. Gibson, M.A., Vicar of Chedworth, Gloucestershire, contains plain, practical discourses, some of them written with considerable force, and in a simple style, adapted for general audiences. A translation of *Hengstenberg on the Sabbath* will be read by many with interest, as presenting the views of one of the most distinguished German divines on the subject. A series of sermons by Mortimer O'Sullivan, D.D., *The Hour of the Redeemer*, contain eloquent expository and devotional lectures, preached in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, as the Donnellan Lectures for 1851. A *Daily Weather Journal* for 1852, being a register kept by Joseph Simpson, Librarian of the Islington Literary and Scientific Society. *Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights*, Alfred the Great, Moffat the Missionary, and other miscellaneous subjects, a pleasant and profitable series of books for young people. *Pitcairn's Island, its Inhabitants and their Religion*, described by Commander Burrows, R.N. *Sanitary Measures and their Results*, being a sequel to 'The History of the Cholera at Exeter,' by Thomas Shapter, M.D. *My Child Life*, by M. Josephine, in the form of autobiographical recollections, presenting hints that may be of use to parents and teachers, as well as a narrative that may be interesting to children. Some little poems, entitled *Odds and Ends*, by A. E. Marshall, chiefly relate to scenes and incidents in North Wales, the humorous pieces, as 'The Incidents of Welsh Travel,' being the most cleverly written in the collection.

In the 'Traveller's Library,' a new number contains two of Macaulay's critical and literary essays, on *Byron*, and on *The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*. In the 'Railway Library' is given *The Compulsory Marriage*, by Mrs. Maillard, author of 'Miles Tremeneere.' The 'Parlour Library' has a volume by Mr. G. P. R. James, *Abraham Neil; or Times of Old*, containing pictures of English customs and history in that novelist's peculiar style. A second edition of a useful and well-written school-book, *Footsteps to History*, by Louisa Anthony, is a good epitome of the leading events of English and French history, the information being brought down to the latest date, the volume closing with the marriage of Louis Napoleon. The notices of literature, arts, and manufactures make the book more valuable for educational use than many historical summaries of the same size. *A Manual of Colour, with a Catechism*, by R. Redgrave, R.A., is prepared for the students in the department of practical art, and will be useful in schools where the art of colouring is taught. A report made to the Belgian government on *Industrial Instruction in England*, by the Chevalier de Coqueviel, is translated into English by Peter Berlyn, who adds remarks and comments in foot-notes. The subject is important, and the views of an intelligent foreigner on this department of education in England are at the present time worthy of attention. On the subject of emigration, a cheap pamphlet by Mr. Charles Hursthouse, jun., gives useful hints of a practical kind to different classes of emigrants. A popular narrative of the last struggle of the Hungarian nation for freedom, by the Rev. Henry Birch, is entitled *Princes against Peoples; or, the Fall of Hungary*. The writer has collected the principal points of historical interest from various published works, and gives a brief but clear statement of the events of the war. On the subject of popular education, the Manchester Statistical Society have

published a statement *On the Condition and Education of Poor Children in English and in German Towns*, by Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A., containing many statistical facts of importance and valuable suggestions for practical use. The appendix presents several papers and documents connected with the condition and the education of the young in great cities, with other matters interesting to practical philanthropists. In Arnold's series of School Classics a new volume contains *The Bacchæ of Euripides*, explained by F. G. Schöne, translated from the German by the Rev. Henry Browne, M.A.; an excellent school edition of the play.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Ada Gresham, 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
 Æschylus Eumenides, edited by Drake, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Aikin's (J. H.) Class Book of Eloquence, 12mo, 3s. 6d.
 Australian Gold Diggings, Part 1, 4to, sewed, 10s. 6d.
 Bacon (Lord) and Sir Walter Raleigh, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
 Bartlett's Forty days in the Desert, new edition, 12s.
 Binney's Best of both Worlds, 12mo, 2s. 6d.; sewed, 1s. 6d.
 Bonomi's Nineveh, new edition, 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 Bopp's Comparative Grammar, Vol. 3, Part 2, 8vo, 15s.
 ————— Vol. 3, complete, £1 5s.
 Browne's (J. R.) Yusuf, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Caxtons (The), by Sir E. B. Lytton, new edition, 7s. 6d.
 Christianity and Secularism, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Cruickshank's Eighteen Years on Coast of Africa, £1 1s.
 Cyrilla, by the author of 'The Initials,' 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
 Cumming's (Dr.) Message from God, 6th edition, 12mo, 2s.
 D'Aubigné's (M.) Reformation, Vols. 1 and 2, ea. 10s. 6d.
 ————— Vols. 3 and 4, ea. 12s.
 ————— Vol. 5, 12s.
 Davis's (H. W.) War of Ormuz and Ahirman, 8vo, 14s.
 Elme's (Rev. John) Irish National Education, 3s. 6d.
 Erskine's Cruise in the Pacific, 8vo, cloth, 16s.
 Fisk's Twelve Aspects of Christ, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Freedley on Business, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Giles's (Rev. Dr.) Hebrew Records, 2nd edition, 10s. 6d.
 Gulistan of Sadi, translated by E. B. Eastwick, 8vo, £1 1s.
 Harvey's Marine Algae of North America, Part 2, £1 10s.
 Inwood's Tables for Purchasing Estates, 14th edition, 7s.
 Josephine's My Child Life, 10mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Kennion's Juvenile Reading Book, 12mo, cloth.
 Kingsley's Hypatia, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 18s.
 McCulloch's Credibility of the Scriptures, 2 vols., £1 8s.
 Maitland's (Rev. S. R.) Dark Ages, 3rd edition, 10s. 6d.
 Maughan's Digest of Legal Examination Questions, 10s. 6d.
 Neville's (J.) Hydraulic Tables, 8vo, cloth, 9s.
 Paley's Proprietus, with Notes, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Powers' (W. T.) Three Years' Residence in China, 10s. 6d.
 Preacher and the King, translated by Rev. G. Potts, 6s.
 Reid's (John) Physiological Researches, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Roland Trevar, crown 8vo, 6s.
 Rosalie, an Authentic Narrative, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Sanderson's Thoughts on Sickness, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Schichardus's Tales of the Forest, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Schmitz's Rome, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Scott's (Rev. J. J.) Psalter Printed for Chanting, 2s. 6d.
 Select Poems of Prior and Swift, foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s.
 Smith's (W.) British Diatomaceæ, Vol. 1, royal 8vo, £1 1s.
 Star in the Desert, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Travels of Anna Bishop in Mexico in 1849, crown 8vo, 5s.
 Uncle Tom's Cabin (Key to), by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 12s.
 Wetherell's Queechy, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; sewed, 2s.
 ————— crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
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ASSYRIAN RIVERS.

"WILL you allow me the favour of a reply to the note of Mr. S. E. Rolland, in the last number of the 'Literary Gazette?' Mr. Rolland argues, as far as I can understand him, that Dr. Layard's 'Jeruher' is the same as the Jahjakjah, which Dr. Layard identifies with the Mygdonius; and, further, that from the Sinjar, and different adjacent hills and mounds, no third branch of the Khabur is to be seen, 'nor could Dr. Layard nor his party ascertain from the Bedouins that any such existed, with the exception of a small river or rivulet laid down in Dr. Layard's map as falling into the Khabour below Harran.'

'Now, first, the designation Jahjakjah is used by two different travellers.—Forbes 'On the Sinjar Hills' ('Journ. of Roy. Geo. Soc.', vol. ix. p. 423), and by Ainsworth ('Travels,' &c., vol. ii. p. 113). But still I am ready to admit that Dr. Layard's Jeruher is the same, 1st, Because the word as pronounced by the natives is, as Mr. Rolland intimates, 'jaw-dislocating,' and the meaning, not being distinct, very difficult to catch. 2ndly. Because the river of Nisibis or Mygdonius, being called by the natives by the same name as the main tributary to the Khabur, and the two rivers united still bearing the same name, that must be the same whether Jahjakjah or Jeruher.

"But the Jeruher is not by any means the river Mygdonius alone; it is also a main tributary to the Khabur, fed by all the waters that flow in the great district that intervenes between Suvarak and Mardin and Diyarbakir. The Mygdonius of the ancients was the river of Nisibis. 'Flumine quidem adluitur sed cui Mygdonio nomen est,' says Cellarius (vol. ii. p. 622). 'Sapor II., when besieging the city of Nisibis, is described as turning the river Mygdonius (Chesney's 'Euphrates Expedition,' vol. ii. p. 432). 'ἐπὶ τοῦ Μυγδονίου ποταμοῦ περὶ τὸ πύργον,' says Julian, in his 'Orations,' (vol. i. p. 27.)

"The river of Nisibis is fed by the Hassawi, the river of Dara, and all the rivulets that flow from the Jibal Tur and Jibal Baarim between Mardin and Al Jizirah on the Tigris. The main tributary to the Khabur, call it what you like, receives all the waters from the Karajah Tagh and hilly districts between Suvarak and Mardin and Diyarbakir.

"In proceeding from west to east across Mesopotamia, between the Euphrates and the Tigris, we have, first, the tributaries to the Balik, ancient Belias or Bilicha, and which water the plains of Urfah (Edessa), Haran (Carrhæ), Seruj (Batnæ), &c. No river from near Haran flows into the Khabur, nor do I see any such marked, as Mr. Rolland intimates, in Dr. Layard's map, except the Ras al Ain. Next, proceeding westward, we have the last mentioned river—the Resaina of the Romans; then the great central tributary to the Khabur; and, lastly, the Mygdonius, or river of Nisibis; each of these rivers receiving many minor tributaries.

"It is impossible to cross Northern Mesopotamia without becoming aware of these leading features in the hydrography of the country. The main river, which was crossed by a bridge in olden times, flows in part through ravines of basaltic rocks, whence probably it was not visible from the Sinjar; but Mr. Rolland must be wrong when he says, 'nor could Dr. Layard or any of his party ascertain from the Bedouins that any such existed,' for Dr. Layard says, in a note to page 309, 'One of the sources of this branch of the Khabur, I am told, in the Kharej Dagh, to the west of Mardin.' This Kharej Dagh is evidently the same as the Karajah Tagh.

"The ignoring the main tributary to the Khabur would lead me to believe that neither Dr. Layard nor Mr. Rolland have crossed Northern Mesopotamia on their way to Mosul, and I feel confirmed in this feeling from the former taking no notice of the ruined Chaldean metropolis of Sinna, which is situated on a tributary to the main branch of the Khabur, and which has as yet been very cursorily explored.

"That the map accompanying Dr. Layard's work leaves the well-watered regions between Urfah and Mardin without a river or a rivulet is patent. That the said regions are well watered may be seen by referring to the maps which accompany Colonel Chesney's expedition for the survey of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris.

"I must beg leave, in concluding this rather tedious explanation, to disclaim altogether having declared an 'ink-feud' against Dr. Layard. All I said upon another topic of criticism was, 'We would not have said thus much, except in the due exercise of the law of Thar, the prerogative of critics as well as of Arabs: a little harmless ink-feud in the one case—a less harmless blood-feud in the other.' There is nothing prospective in this. I have the highest respect and regard for Dr. Layard, notwithstanding his wholesale condemnation of a whole body of officers composing the Euphrates expedition. I called him Mr. Layard not from want of respect, but because he himself has dropped the honorary title. As to attacking a man in his absence, I would scorn to do so intentionally. The review in the 'New Monthly' was published the same month as Dr. Layard's work came out—that is, as soon as it could be, and indeed without reference to Dr. Layard's presence or absence.

"THE 'NEW MONTHLY' REVIEWER."

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL. — April 12th. — John Gould, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. Mr. Cuming communicated a paper, by Dr. Pfeiffer, 'On Eighteen New Species of Land Shells,' from his own collection and that of Mr. Denison. The shells were referred to the genera *Anostoma*, *Helix*, *Vitrina*, *Succinea*, and *Helicina*. Mr. Gould exhibited and described four new species of Humming Birds, three of them from the eastern slope of the Andes, remarkable alike for their size and their extraordinary beauty. They were collected by M. Waregewick. The first species was a large fork-tailed bird, nearly six inches in length, with a magnificently coloured crown, the forehead being green, succeeded by rich orange, and terminating posteriorly with rich blue,—all of a highly metallic lustre; the throat, neck, and chest green, with a small gorget of purple in the centre of the former; the posterior part of the body and tail cinnamon-red. To this fine species he gave the name of *Helianthea Iris*. The second species is nearly equal to the former in size, with the crown of the head rich metallic green, while the throat (which is destitute of the blue gorget) and the back of the neck are also green, but less lustrous than the crown; the body and tail are also cinnamon-red, as in the preceding, but not so deep. To this bird the name of *Helianthea Aurora* was assigned. The third is also of large size for a humming-bird, being nearly five inches in length, with the whole of the throat and upper part of the chest of the most beautiful violet, a spot on the forehead brilliant verditer green, the neck, back, and abdomen green, and the considerably forked tail black. To this species, which is somewhat allied to *Heliangelus* (?) *Parzudaki*, he gave the name of *H. (?) viola*. For a fourth species, nearly allied to *Trochilus Francie*, he pro-

posed the specific appellation of *Trochilus* (?) *cyano-collis*. It has the entire under surface snow-white, and the crown of the head and sides of the neck blue. He next described a small species, lately received from M. Linden, of Brussels, with a grey throat, passing into rufous on the abdomen, and presenting generally a very sombre appearance, except on the crown, where a peach-blossom hue appears, suggesting the appellation of *Trochilus* (?) *floriceps*. It was collected on the Sierra Nevada of Santa Martha, at an elevation of 5000 feet.

The next paper read was a 'Notice of an Original Painting, including a figure of the Dodo, in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, at Syon House,' by W. J. Broderip, Esq., V.P.Z.S. F.R.S., &c.

"Professor Owen, at whose disposal the Duke of Northumberland placed the following additional pictorial evidence of the existence of the Dodo in the seventeenth century, has requested me to draw the attention of this Society to the highly interesting picture which the Duke has been so good as to send for the inspection of the Fellows. The size of the picture, which is in the finest preservation, is thirty-two inches by nineteen. It is executed in oil, and bears the following monogram and date,—

G. B. H. 1627

Mr. William Russell, with his usual discernment, detected in this monogram the signatures of Jean Goeimare and Jaen David de Heem, and proved the correctness of his judgment by a reference



Behind, on elevated ground, are two ostriches, and below, to the right of the spectator, the Dodo is represented as in the act of picking up something from the strand. The head and body of the bird, covering an area as large as the palm of a man's hand, are seen, but the legs are hidden. The painter of the Dodo in my picture (see ante, 'Literary Gazette,' 1852, page 303), has given the only complete foreshortened back view of the bird known to me. In the Duke's picture the head and body are presented to the spectator on a larger scale, and I have nowhere seen the hood or ridge at the base of the bill, from which the bird obtained the name of *Cygnus cucullatus*, so clearly represented. Near the Dodo are a smew, and other aquatic birds, and further off hoopers and terns. In the distance is the ocean, with a sea-monster awaiting the attack of Perseus, who descends on a winged steed to the rescue of Andromeda chained to a rock. Those who have had occasion to describe and figure new species of *Testacea*, know how difficult it is to find a draughtsman who can give a correct design of the shell to be represented. Unless the artist, like Mr. G. B. Sowerby, jun., is aware of the internal structure of the shell, and is acquainted with its organization, a lamentable failure is generally the result. In the picture before us, with one exception—and even in that the specimen may have been distorted—so accurate was the eye of the painter, that if he had been aware of the organization of each shell—knowledge which he probably had not—he could not have represented the objects more correctly. The nautili,* strombus gigas, triton, and pyrula, are painted with great breadth and power, and all are drawn and coloured with wonderful truth; indeed a conchologist may name every species. One of the nautili is partially uncoated, to show the naere, and the other dissected to display the concamerations. None of the shells have the epidermis, and all are of the natural size. The artificial condition of these subjects, and especially of the nautili, is, it must be allowed, rather out of place in an assemblage of testaceans left on the sands by the retired tide, unless we are to suppose that the sea-nymphs had been amusing themselves by polishing the specimens and displaying the internal structure of one of them; but this very treatment shows that the designs were accurately made from real objects then considered as rarities. With the exception of the Dodo, none of the natural objects represented are now rare. The shells, especially those whose *habitats* are the seas of the Antilles, are at present very common; but at the date of the picture—the second year of the reign of our first Charles—the natural productions of the West Indies were not well known, and were, comparatively, very scarce. With the shells on the shore is the cranium of a carnivorous quadruped, apparently of the family *Canidae*. The monster-cetacean in the distance has evidently no chance with the avenger who is coming down upon him mounted on a winged steed. But Pegasus, which, with other prodigies, sprang from the blood that dropped from Medusa's head, as the conqueror who had it cut off with his harpe traversed the air with his gory trophy, immediately winged its flight to Helicon, there to become the pet of the Muses. The best version of this mythological story relates that when Perseus afterwards killed the sea-monster and delivered Andromeda on the coast of Ethiopia, he effected his purpose by raising himself in the air through the aid of the wings and talaria given to him by Mercury, and not with the help of the winged horse on which most of the painters mount him. Professor Owen informs me that Roland Savery's picture containing the Dodo, in the Berlin collection, bears the date of 1626; and that the colour of the Dodo in the Duke of Northumberland's picture resembles that of the portrait of the bird, of life size, by the same painter, now at Oxford. L'Estrange describes the hue of the back of the living Dodo which he saw exhibited in London 'about 1638,' as of 'dunn or dark colour.'

* Nautilus pompilius.

to Brulliot.* Jean Goeimare, who is not noticed by Descamps, Bryan, Sandrart, or Houbraken, is described by Brulliot as a Flemish artist who flourished at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and painted landscapes with many animals, executed with great care, but in rather a dry manner.† Of De Heem, the celebrated painter

of still life, it would be superfluous to say anything. We may conclude, then, that in this joint production the landscape and animals were painted by Goeimare, and the shells by De Heem.

"In this picture, which seems to have been intended as a record of rarities, the foreground represents a sea-shore from which the tide has retired, leaving empty shells of the following genera:—Nautilus, pteroceras, strombus, triton, pyrula, cassis, cypraea, conus, mitra, turbo, nerita, mytilus, ostrea, &c.

* Dict. des Monogrammes, 1. partie, pp. 274, 201.

† I am indebted to Mr. Russell for this information.

STATISTICAL.—21st March.—Sir John P. Boileau, Bart., in the chair. 'On the Administration of Civil Justice in British India.' By Colonel Sykes, F.R.S. The author commenced by showing that the Act of 1833, enjoining upon the East India Company the extensive employment of natives in places of trust and responsibility, had been eminently successful, in so far as their aid in the administration of justice was concerned. The operations of the several tribunals in the Bengal Presidency gave the total number of suits instituted in the four years 1845-48, including 46,920 depending at the commencement of 1845, at 493,574; of these 431,679 were disposed of in the period, leaving 61,895 cases undisposed of at the close of 1848. The accumulation of arrears had taken place chiefly in the higher courts. The subjoined Table gives the tribunals before which the cases had been determined:—

Bengal Presidency.

Tribunals.	Number of Cases determined.	Per Centage of whole work done.
Sudder Adawlut	1,785	0.41
Zillah and City Judges .	13,119	3.04
Principal Sudder Ameens	34,999	8.11
Sudder Ameens	8,314	1.92
Moonsiffs	373,462	86.52
Total	431,679	100.00

Thus it would appear that 96½ per cent. of the work was done by native judges. The cases appealed were—in the Zillah Judges' Courts, 9 per cent.; in the Principal Sudder Ameens, 10 per cent.; in the Sudder Ameens, 27 per cent.; and in the Moonsiffs, 15 per cent. Thus the Sudder Ameens would appear to be the least efficient of all the judicial officers. The average duration of a suit in 1848 was—in the Sudder Adawlut Court, 9½ months; in the Zillah, 21 months; in the Principal Sudder Ameens, 9½ months; in the Sudder Ameens, 7½ months; and in the Moonsiffs, 4 months. The number of suits appealed to the Sudder Adawlut in four years was 2120, and their value was 5,479,124; the value of the original suits before the other courts was 16,447,045. As the population of Bengal was estimated at 36,848,981, there was one suit annually to every 341 souls, or one to every seventy-six families. In the North-West Provinces, or Agra Government, the cases for the four years were distributed as follows:—

Agra Government.

Tribunals.	Number of Cases determined.	Per Centage of whole work done.
Sudder Adawlut	844	0.31
Judges	15,497	5.56
Principal Sudder Ameens	22,039	7.91
Sudder Ameens	26,178	9.40
Moonsiffs	214,037	76.82
Total	278,595	100.00

The per centage of work done by native judges was 94 per cent. The average duration of suits was—in the Sudder Adawlut, 6½ months; in the Judges, 7½ months; in the Principal Sudder Ameens, 4½; in the Sudder Ameens, 2½; and in the Moonsiffs, 2½. The total amount of property litigated was 4,719,304. The revised census of 1848 gives 23,199,668 as the population of this Presidency, consequently there was one suit annually to every 319 souls, or one to every 71 families. In the Madras Presidency the returns were for the four years, 1847-50. The total number of suits instituted was 571,515; of these 368,088 were determined, 78,885 were dismissed on default, and 109,293 were adjusted by mutual agreement. The annexed statement gives the number of cases determined before each tribunal:—

Madras Presidency.

Tribunals.	Number of Cases determined.	Per centage of whole work done.
Sudder Adawlut	301	0.07
Judges	8,810	2.38
Assistant Judges and Principal Sudder Ameens	17,780	4.82
Sudder Ameens	41,432	11.30
District Moonsiffs	253,026	68.70
Village Moonsiffs, &c. . .	46,739	12.73
Total	368,088	100.00

The per centage of appeals was—in the Judges' Court, 38.8; in the Assistant Judges and Principal Sudder Ameens, 22.9; in the Sudder Ameens, 21.6; and in the District Moonsiffs, 13.1. In this Presidency the great mass of litigation was for amounts under 10l. By the census of 1850-51, the population under the Madras government was 22,301,697; hence there was one suit annually to 156 souls, or one to 35 families. The total number of original suits instituted in the Bombay Presidency, in the four years 1845-48, inclusive of 9076 depending at the commencement of 1845, was 330,865; of these 194,354 were at once decided on their merits, 17,895 were dismissed, 15,003 were dismissed on default, and 85,218 suits were adjusted by mutual agreement, and 5436 were transferred from one court to another; the total decided, therefore, was 317,906, leaving 12,959 in arrear. The subjoined statement shows the tribunals before which the cases were decided:—

Bombay Presidency.

Tribunals.	Number of Cases decided, including Appeals.	Per Centage of whole work done.
Sudder Adawlut	211	0.06
European Judges	21,701	6.40
Principal Sudder Ameens	21,859	6.50
Sudder Ameens	54,835	16.30
Moonsiffs, &c.	238,362	70.74
Total	336,968	100.00

The native judges performed 93½ per cent. of the above work. The number of appeals was 21,021. The census of 1851 gives the population of the Bombay Presidency at 9,015,534 souls, which would give one suit to every 27 souls, or one to every 6 families, so that the natives under the Bombay government have an unexampled passion for law. 151,412 were for suits under 1l., and the institution fee in such suits was 1½d.; whereas in the Bengal Presidency, where it cost 2s. 6d. to commence a suit, there was only one-twelfth the amount of litigation. The native judges received from 10l. to 15l. per month, which stipend went on rising till it reached 722l. per year. The paper was an elaborate one, and contained much valuable information concerning the civil courts in India.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 6th.—Professor E. Forbes, President, in the chair. J. M. Pain, Esq., was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—1. 'On the Granitic district of Inverary,' by the Duke of Argyll, F.G.S. The district lying between the two great valleys of Loch Fyne and Loch Awe, consists of mica schist and porphyritic granite. The rocks occur in great bed-like masses, alternating and conformable, with a north-east and south-west strike, and a north-west dip towards Loch Awe. From the relative position of these two rocks, it results that between the summit ridge (consisting of mica schist) of the district and Loch Fyne, a series of lower ridges occur, in general diminishing in height as they approach the loch, the tops of the ridges being composed of the outcropping granitic masses, whilst

the mica slate forms the intervening valleys and the sides of the ridges. The circumstance of fragments of mica schist being found imbedded in the granite, and the occurrence of a granitic vein, at one place running across the bedding of the slates that lie on the granite, bear evidence to the fact of the granite having been intrusive, and that the intrusion was effected at a time when the mica slate had already assumed its present metamorphic character. Taking for granted the sedimentary origin of this mica slate, and therefore the comparative horizontal position of its first position, it becomes a question of much geological interest, how the slates came to assume such a highly inclined position, and how such masses of intrusive igneous rock came to be interposed between their beds, without interrupting their general conformity of dip and direction—the igneous and the aqueous rocks assuming the position, as it were, of contemporaneous formations. To account for this, the noble author suggests that some disturbing cause, possibly connected with the elevation of the granitic mass of Ben Cruachan to the north, gave rise to a sudden shattering and falling inwards of the mica-schist strata along an extensive line of country—a movement which would at once loosen the adhesion of their mutual surfaces, and tend to force upwards the melted granite into which they fell. 2. 'On the Geology of Busaco, Portugal,' by Senhor C. Ribiero and D. Sharpe, Esq., F.G.S. The Sierra de Busaco, about twenty miles north-west of Coimbra, consists of a ridge of Silurian rocks, extending about twelve miles southward, crossing the Mondego river. These rocks may be divided into three principal groups; of which the two lower belong to the Lower Silurian, and the upper to the age of the Wenlock shale. The lowest division of the Lower Silurian rocks consists of dark indurated shales, containing abundance of Trilobites, Brachiopods, &c., many of which are identical with those found in similar beds in France, whilst the rest are principally altogether new species. The next division is Sandstone, frequently ferruginous, containing some of the species found in the beds below, besides a large number of small corallines; very few of the fossils of either division are found in this country. The Upper Silurian deposit, which covers these, is a light blue shale, full of fossils, generally in bad condition; but *Cardiola interrupta* is very prevalent, and fixes the date of the bed as belonging to the Wenlock period. Sundry eruptive masses of diorite break through the middle of the ridge, and have altered the rocks in their immediate neighbourhood. These Silurian formations are overlaid unconformably, on the westward, by an extensive deposit of sandstone and shale belonging to the coal period, and full of fossils, of species found in England and France, which have been examined by Mr. C. Bunbury. Search has been made for coal in these beds, but as yet without any profitable result. The coal that has been found is in small quantity, and not worth working. The western flank of this deposit is overlaid unconformably by Red Sandstone, considered by Senhor Ribiero to belong to the New Red Sandstone, and which is continuous with the Red Sandstone of Coimbra, described by Mr. D. Sharpe in a former paper 'On the Secondary Rocks of Portugal.' Except on this side, the Carboniferous and Silurian deposits are surrounded by older unfossiliferous slates and crystalline schists, which have a general direction of north-north-west. 3. A short notice, by G. W. Omerod, Esq., F.G.S., 'On the Occurrence of Pseudomorphic Crystals of Chloride of Sodium in the Keuper Sandstone of England, and in the Onondaga Salt Group of the Upper Silurian of North America.'

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—April 1st.—Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., V.P., in the chair. Mr. W. H. Clarke, of York, communicated an account of the recent discovery of a tessellated pavement near that city, on an elevated piece of ground near the river Ouse, and at a depth of nearly seven feet below the present surface. Few Roman remains of this description, worthy of remark for the per-

fection of their workmanship, have been brought to light in York; and the municipal authorities of the city, within whose jurisdiction the discovery occurred, have consigned it to the care of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, whose museum is already rich in antiquities of the early British and Roman periods. The dimensions of this mosaic pavement are about thirteen feet square, and it exhibits in the centre the head of Medusa, with four figures surrounding it, apparently representing the seasons of the year. Portions of a second pavement had been uncovered, apparently of even more interesting character, and the difficult operation of removal to the Museum is actually in progress, the Lord Mayor and Corporation having shown the most laudable desire for the preservation of these relics of Roman art. The York Museum, arranged in a building, part of the ancient conventual arrangements of St. Mary's Abbey, has in a few years become a highly instructive and valuable collection; it has been arranged with much care, and a catalogue recently completed and published by the venerable archaeologist of Eburacum, the Rev. C. Wellbeloved. Mr. Hawkins brought before the Institute a portion of the remarkable British and Roman antiquities discovered on Farley Heath, Surrey, in 1848, on the property of Henry Drummond, Esq., M.P. Extensive vestiges of entrenchments are there visible, and tradition pointed out the spot as the site of an ancient town. Foundations of buildings were brought to light, and in the course of the excavations prosecuted by Mr. Drummond's direction, numerous ornaments had been found, many of them beautifully enamelled and of very singular forms; several bronze celts, of unusual types, a large assemblage of Roman coins, upwards of a thousand, comprising coins of forty-five Cæsars, and several undescribed coins of British princes. A potter's kiln was discovered, containing several urns of the usual Romano-British wares, arranged therein for the purpose of being fired; numerous fragments of Samian vessels were also found, relics of glass, &c., and with these were discovered also objects of an earlier period, weapons or implements of stone, and antiquities of the class usually attributed to an early British age. A record of these remarkable discoveries was published in 1850, by the accomplished archaeologist and poet, Martin Farquhar Tupper, who resides in the immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Hewitt communicated an account of the monster cannon preserved at Edinburgh Castle, known as Mons Meg, and formerly at the Tower, whence it was conveyed back to Scotland, by order of George IV., in 1829. This extraordinary piece of ancient ordnance closely resembles the huge bombard at Ghent, supposed to be the same which is mentioned by Froissart. Mons Meg is first named in the reign of James IV., having been used at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489; but tradition affirms that the piece existed long prior to that time. The construction is very curious; long bars of iron are welded together, like the staves of a cask, and strongly hooped with welded iron; the length is upwards of fifteen feet, and the enormous weight rendered this cannon almost unmanageable in the field. It has been supposed, with much probability, that it was fabricated at Mons, in Flanders, whence James II., King of Scots, imported in 1460, as chroniclers have recorded, a celebrated bombard, called the Lion. The Dean of Exeter exhibited a *fac-simile* of the fresco-painting, representing the Resurrection, lately discovered in Exeter Cathedral. The whitewash has been carefully removed, and the painting is a work of considerable merit, apparently of the fifteenth century. The principal figures measure about five feet in height. Mr. Nesbitt produced a selection from his collection of German sepulchral brasses, comprising the memorials of Frederick the Warlike, Elector of Saxony, who died 1428, two of his successors, and other engraved memorials from Bamberg, Erfurt, and Naumburg, specimens of monumental chalcography of large dimension, wholly unknown in England. The Hon. Richard Neville laid before the meeting several bronze weapons, with a bronze mould for the fabrication of celts, found in North Wales, and several ornaments lately brought to light by his

own excavations on a site of Roman occupation on Lord Braybrooke's property at Wenden, Essex. Mr. Hewitt gave an account of a fine helmet exhibited by the Hon. Board of Ordnance; it is of German workmanship, of the times of Henry VIII., and remarkable for its peculiar construction, and the elaborately engraved ornament which covers every part. He also produced a Spanish 'cuchillo di monte,' bearing the arms of Castille and Leon, considered by Mr. Hewitt to illustrate the origin of the bayonet, to the earliest form of which this weapon bears close resemblance, and he supposes the bayonet to have been originally used in boar-hunting. Mr. Henderson produced a curious piece of enamelled plate, bearing the royal arms of England with those of Cardinal Bainbridge, to whom this interesting object doubtless belonged. The enamel is of the most brilliant colour; and the work may be Italian, executed during the Cardinal's embassy, early in the sixteenth century. A short account was given by Mr. Way, of the existence of another example of the extraordinary and barbarous punishment of sacrilege, by nailing the skin of the offender, *in terrorem*, on the door of the church. Tradition had usually connected this practice with the times of the Danes, and in the present instance such a notion had prevailed. The door, of which both sides had once been covered with human skin, is to be seen at Westminster Abbey; and the existence of this strange relic of barbarity had been pointed out by Mr. E. Cooke, the talented artist, during the visit to the Abbey last year, under the guidance of Professor Donaldson, for the inspection of the Royal tombs. Mr. Way called attention also to the mural painting, rarely seen by the public, a remarkable example of art in the fourteenth century, in a chapel situate between the south transept and the Chapter House. It represents St. Faith. Amongst other objects of curiosity exhibited were the spurs once worn by Sir Robert Cotton, shown by Mr. Homfray; some ancient Peruvian pottery, sent by the Rev. W. Hennah; the seal of Simon Basset, of Sapcote, summoned to Parliament amongst the barons, in the time of Edward I. It was lately found in Lincolnshire, and several rings and personal ornaments of various periods.

ANTIQUARIES.—April 7th.—Sir Robert H. Inglis, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Arthur Taylor presented several proclamations of the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III. The ballot was taken for the exclusion of a Fellow for non-payment of his subscription. The auditor's report on the treasurer's account for the past year was then read. Mr. John Brent, Mr. John Watkins, and Mr. H. Mogford were elected Fellows. Mr. Turner exhibited a *fac-simile* drawing of an illumination prefixed to a MS. copy of the Gospels in Latin, said to have been given by Ada, the sister of Charlemagne, to the Monastery of St. Maximin, at Treves, and now preserved in the library of that city. The illumination closely resembles in style that in the Codex Aureus in the Harleian collection of the British Museum, and if not the production of the same artist, is at least contemporary. It is probably the work of an Italian. The MS. at Treves contains in the cover an engraved stone, which has been published and illustrated in the 27th volume of the 'Archæologia.' Mr. Cole exhibited a specimen of the now obsolete horn-book, the use of which was superseded by Dr. Bell's sand-tray about sixty years since. Mr. Akerman contributed a letter which had been communicated to him by Mr. Henry Long, who had copied it from the municipal archives of Vevay some time since. It was written by General Ludlowe, on his taking leave of the authorities of Vevay, on the occasion of his proceeding to his native country for a short time, after the revolution of 1688, and as a sample of Puritanical phraseology and verbosity in the French language, is perhaps unique. It is well known that Ludlowe lived in constant apprehension of assassination while sojourning at Vevay, and that the government of Berne did its utmost to protect him from the violence of the exiled Cavaliers, who on one occasion nearly succeeded in

an attempt to slay him. After this outrage, a guardhouse was built opposite his dwelling, and he had a bell furnished him, with which he could give an alarm whenever any strangers were seen on the lake. Mr. Botfield, of Norton Hall, communicated an account of excavations made under his direction during the past year at Borough Hill, the presumed site of the Roman station of Bennavenna, in Northamptonshire, illustrated by several very excellent drawings by Mr. Edward Prettys. The remains exhibited comprised several fragments of Roman pottery, iron nails and hoops, tesserae, stuccoes, coins of the Lower Empire, large antlers, and some fragments found with a skeleton, evidently that of an Anglo-Saxon, discovered at the bottom of a well. A map of the surrounding country, with indications of the other Roman stations, Roman roads, sepulchral tumuli, and speculae, accompanied this communication. This site had been only partially explored in the year 1823. The station would appear to have been one of the numerous ports which were ruined and destroyed after the Roman abandonment of Britain, probably in the long and sanguinary conflicts between the Islanders and the pagan Saxons. An abstract was then read of a memoir, by Mr. S. Birch of the British Museum, 'On the Annals of Thothmes III., as derived from Hieroglyphical Inscriptions.'

ASIATIC.—April 2nd.—Lieut-Colonel Sykes in the chair. Thomas Henry, Esq., and J. H. Skene, Esq., were elected members of the Society. The Secretary read a paper by W. H. Medhurst, jun., Esq., 'On some Chinese Inscriptions on Porcelain Bottles found in Ancient Egyptian Tombs.' This paper comprised an examination of twelve such inscriptions on porcelain bottles brought from Egypt to Paris. The characters are rudely and roughly traced, and combine the peculiarities of the Tsao-shoo, or abbreviated character, and those of the Hing-shoo, or running hand. The former was partially employed about 200 B.C., but both forms came into general use in the third century of our era. Four of the legends are distinctly legible, and these consist of lines from poems, the authorship and date of which are well ascertained. The earliest is from a poet who flourished in the reign of Kao-yuen, A.D. 702—745; and the latest was taken from another who lived about A.D. 1068. A still further criterion of their age is found in the style of the poetry. The Chinese distinguish their poetry into two schools—the Koo-te, or ancient style, and the Kin-te, or modern; which came into vogue about the seventh century, and to this latter the lines upon the bottles unquestionably belong. A letter from Colonel Rawlinson, dated Baghdad, 15 Feb., was next read to the meeting. In this he announces a curious discovery—that the northern Arabs about the head of the Red Sea were really governed by queens, and that Solomon's Queen of Sheba no doubt came from this quarter, about the Gulf of Akaba, and not from the southern extremity of the peninsula. The proof of this is found in a list of the Syrian tributaries of Pul, or Tiglath Pileser, where the last name after Hurim or Hebron is 'Sabilim, Queen of the Arabs.' This list, which has been made out by joining Layard's fragmental inscriptions, is very curious. Eighteen tributaries are mentioned, among which are Kus-tapa; Rezin, of Damascus; Sibit-bel, of Gubal; Menchem, of Samaria; Melitene, &c. The list, together with that of Sennacherib's Syrian tributaries, and the conquests of Assur-akhpal and Sargon, give a complete tableau of the great cities and provinces bordering on the Mediterranean. Several casts of inscriptions had been sent to him from Nimrud, but they have all proved to be mere repetitions; he hopes, however, to get some detailed annals of Deleborus from the diggings which are in progress at Kila Shergat. The French excavations at Khursabad have been more successful; a statue of Sargon, covered with writing, some fresh cylinders, a bronze pillar, and a great quantity of trinkets, have been found. These the learned writer hopes to see on visiting Mosul, whither he intended to proceed in March. The Assistant Secretary has received a further letter from the

Colonel, dated the 4th of March, in which he alluded to a complete series of Babylonian months, with some of the Persian correspondents. He also communicated the discovery at Abu Shudhr, near the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, of a number of sepulchral jars, all containing small rolls of sheet lead, inscribed with Chaldean legends, in very minute writing. A copy of one of them was enclosed in the letter, consisting of twenty short lines. Two letters received by Colonel Sykes, respecting the operations now in progress, under the patronage of the government of India, for taking copies of all the inscriptions and paintings in the cave temples of India, were next read. These letters gave an account of what has been already accomplished, and what was in contemplation; and the chairman stated that there now appeared to be every ground for hoping that a complete series of drawings of these interesting monuments would shortly be finished. The completion of this work was of the highest importance, not merely for preserving memorials of these wonderful works, now rapidly going to decay, but as the means of making known to the world faithful representations of the arts, manners, and customs of the Hindus in an age of which we have now but scanty knowledge. Among the paintings lately received at the India House from Captain Gill, who is engaged upon the caves of Ajunta, is one representing an adult female school, where the women are engaged under their teachers in reading and writing, thus showing that at the time these caves were constructed, Hindu females were not, as they have since been, debarred from the blessings of education.

PHILOLOGICAL.—*March 10th.*—Professor H. H. Wilson in the chair. 'On the so-called Aorists in *ka*,' by Dr. R. G. Latham. The class of words under notice are the forms *iθka* and *iθka*. At one time the author considered them to be perfects rather than aorists,—a doctrine which he now recalls. He admits Bopp's view, by which the *-k-* is made the equivalent to the *-ch*, the sign of the past tense in the Slavonic languages,—(compare the Slavonic *da-ch* with the Greek *iθka*). He differs, however, with that scholar in his notion respecting its relations to the normal forms in *-sa*. Bopp's makes the form in *sa* the older; in which case the *κ* is derivative, and *iθka* has arisen out of *iθ-sa*. The present writer reverses this view, and believes that *iθka* is the older form preserved without change. His reasoning rests on what may be called the *dynamic* influence of the small vowels (*i* and *e*) upon the sounds of a *k* (or *g*) preceding. By these, a change is effected from *k* to *s*, *sh*, *ts*, &c. Now, in the third person singular of the aorist, and in most of the persons of the future, a tense ending in *-k-* would be followed by the smaller vowel *-e*. This engenders the change in question. The combination *-ke* first becomes *-se*, and afterwards, by the extension of a false analogy, *-ka* and *-kw* become *-sa* and *-sw*. For a long time this view was purely hypothetical,—the ordinary Slavonic languages affording no instances of the change in question. There were forms in *k*, and forms in *s*; but there was no instance of the change from one to the other coinciding with the smallness or fulness of the vowel which succeeded. In the Sorabran, however, of Lusatia, the obscurest of the Slavonic dialects—a dialect well-nigh extinct, and a dialect but lately reduced to writing—the exact phenomenon required by the hypothesis occurs:—*e. g.*, the preterite runs thus—

SING.	DUAL.	PLURAL.
1. Nosz-ach.	Nosz-achee.	Nosz-achy.
2. Nosz-esse.	Nosz-estai.	Nosz-es'e'e.
3. Nosz-esce.	Nosz-estai.	Nosz-ach.

'A Sketch of the Grammatical Structure (along with a Glossary) of the Circassian Language,' by Dr. Loewe, was communicated by Dr. R. G. Latham.

LINNEAN.—*April 5th.*—Robert Brown, Esq., President, in the chair. Charles Alexander Law, Esq., was elected a Fellow. Among the presents received since the last meeting, the Secretary

announced a complete series of the publications of the Natural History Society at Basle, together with a number of zoological and botanical works, new to the Society's library, all presented by the Basle Society in return for a set of the Linnean 'Transactions'; also, dried specimens of *Polypodium Bizardieri*, R. Br., from Taranaki, New Zealand, presented by James Yates, Esq., F.L.S.; of *Eichhornia speciosa*, A. Rich., from the neighbourhood of Santarem, Brazil, presented by Daniel Hanbury, Jun. Esq.; and cuttings in flower from the Botanic Garden, Chelsea, of *Bignonia speciosa*, *Melastoma cymosum*, *Asystasia (Heinfreyia) scandens*, two species of *Begonia*, &c., all communicated by Thomas Moore, Esq., F.L.S., curator of the garden. Mr. Yates exhibited a block of oolite, belonging to the Whitby Museum, bearing impressions of two fossil ferns; the one (according to M. Brongniart), a *Camptopteris*, closely allied to *C. Munsteriana*, Göpp; the other a second species of the same genus. Read, a paper 'On the Nature of Fasciated Stems,' by the Rev. William Hincks, F.L.S., Professor of Natural History at Queen's College, Cork. In this paper Professor Hincks referred to the importance of endeavouring to ascertain the cause or the true interpretation of every anomalous structure, since such exceptional cases are not mere freaks of nature, but always result from the operation, in unusual circumstances, of the same laws which in their more ordinary action produce the normal characters of the species, and thus the study of the anomaly throws light on the whole subject, and guides us to the right explanation of many doubtful points. He had been led to inquire into the nature of what is called a fasciated stem, of which he possessed some good examples, and being disposed to accept the explanation given by Linneus in 'Philosophia Botanica,' that it is formed by the coherence of several stems, he now brought forward a few facts and observations confirmatory of this view, and examined the arguments against it adduced by M. Moquin Tandon, in the 'Teratologie Végétale.' Professor Hincks showed by examples that more numerous leaves than ever belong to the single stem are found on the fasciated stem; that cases of partial adherence are very frequent; that the crowded small branches at the end of many fasciated stems indicate their nature; and that the same supposition best explains the furrowed appearance of such stems and their frequent curvature or spiral contortion. He observed that in some instances ribbon-like distortions of single stems may have been confounded with true fasciations; but excluding these from our notice, there are probably no facts which do not admit of explanation on the theory of adherence.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—*April 4th.*—E. Newman, Esq., President, in the chair. T. H. Langcake, Esq., and F. Bates, Esq., were elected subscribers to the Society. Among the donations were four coleopterous larvæ from T. J. Stevens, Esq. of Bogota, Corresponding Member of the Society, to two of which was attached a *sphæria* growing from the head, and altogether very much resembling the well-known species from New Zealand. These larvæ are represented to be common in rotten wood, but are not often found with their cryptogamic parasite attached. Mr. Desvignes exhibited a very fine example of the rare *Chœrocampa celerio*, taken in Yorkshire; and a new British bee, *Anthidium maculatum*, captured by E. C. Buxton, Esq., in Scotland. Mr. Bond exhibited a *Steropus madidus*, with a *filaria* about six inches long attached to the abdomen, and another *filaria*, fifteen inches in length, obtained from the same species of beetle. Mr. Douglas exhibited some young larvæ of a *Solenobia* produced from eggs laid by females without male intercourse. He found larvæ at Charlton last July, feeding on the lichen growing on poplar trees, put them with a piece of the bark into a box, and forgot them till recently, when he found that females only had been developed, and from these had been produced the larvæ he now exhibited in a dead state. Mr. F. Smith exhibited some *Bruchi* reared from seeds of *Sophora mystillifolia* brought from the Cape of Good Hope, and a quantity of a

Chalcis parasitic on this beetle. Mr. Andrew Wilson sent a note recommending chloroform as an agent for stupifying insects preparatory to killing them, and as especially useful in preventing the larger lepidoptera from being damaged by fluttering. Rev. Joseph Greene communicated some practical notes on obtaining pupæ of Rhopaloceros *Lepidoptera* by digging. Read also a paper by Mr. G. R. Waterhouse, 'On the Synonymy of the British Species of the Genus *Ochthebius*,' which he had investigated by means of the late Mr. J. F. Stephens's collection recently purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum; and a Memoir by Mr. Westwood, 'On new *Coleoptera*, from China and Ceylon,' with illustrative figures.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A.W. Hofmann, on Organic Chemistry.)
 — Statistical, 8 p.m.—(F. G. P. Neison, Esq., on Railway Accidents.)
 — Chemical, 8 p.m.
 — British Architects, 8 p.m.
 — School of Mines—(Natural History, 1 p.m.) (Mining, 3 p.m.)
- Tuesday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Thomas Watson Jones, Esq., F.R.S., on Animal Physiology.)
 — Linnean, 8 p.m.
 — Horticultural, 3 p.m.—(Cyclamens, in pot; Cherries, one dish only to be shown by an Exhibitor; Cauliflowers, in sixes.)
 — Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Description of the Liverpool Corporation Water Works, by Mr. T. Duncan.)
 — Pathological, 8 p.m.
 — Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—(Anniversary.)
 — School of Mines—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
- Wednesday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A. W. Hofmann, on Organic Chemistry.)
 — Society of Arts, 8 p.m.
 — Geological, 8½ p.m.—(1. Professor Ramsay, F.G.S., on the Physical Structure and Succession of the Lower Palæozoic Rocks of North Wales and part of Shropshire; 2. Mr. Hennes, on the Silurian Rocks of Kircubright Bay; 3. Mr. J. B. Jukes, F.G.S., on the Carboniferous Sandstone at Great Barr, in South Staffordshire.)
 — London Institution, 7 p.m.—(Soirée. Mr. C. Harriott Smith, on the Present and Past Boundary of the River Thames at London.)
 — Réunion des Arts.—(Soirée.)
 — School of Mines—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
- Thursday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Dr. E. Frankland, on Technological Chemistry.)
 — Royal, 8½ p.m.
 — Harveian, 8 p.m.
 — School of Mines—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
- Friday.**—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Dr. Conolly, on the Past and Present Condition of the Insane, and the Characters of Insanity.)
 — Philological, 8 p.m.
 — Department of Practical Art, 7 p.m.—(Professor E. Forbes, on Animal Forms—the Bated Type.)
 — School of Mines—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
- Saturday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. Faraday, on Static Electricity.)
 — Antiquaries, 2 p.m.—(Anniversary.)
 — Medical, 8 p.m.
 — Botanic, 4 p.m.
 — Musical Institute, 8½ p.m.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

IN 'The Times' of Thursday appeared an article on the æsthetics of Charity Dinners, with a full oblique at the annual banquet of the Royal Literary Fund. The writer refrained from joining in the attack made on that Institution by a contemporary, whose statements of its finances are audaciously untrue, and whose lamentations and cries for help at this particular season of the year must be somewhat tiresome to its readers, but confines himself to the subject of the Dinner. It is argued that in such exhibitions of revelry and prodigality money is wasted, and nobody is benefited but the tavern-keeper. Now, if there be any one of these congenial gatherings that is looked forward to with more than common interest, both as a source of profit and as a social benefit, it is the annual assembling of *literati* at the 'Freemasons'. The amount of donations to the Fund at these festivals, deducting those that would be contributed independent of any such meeting, is rarely less than 5000; and

the encouragement given to many aspiring literary men by these opportunities of mixing in generous harmony with those of eminence in the profession of letters, whose fame it is their hope one day to emulate, cannot be unproductive, after its kind, of some substantial advantage. Their aspirations are invigorated and amplified, and we believe that the guinea contributed to the charity by many an authoring on these occasions, is not given under the impulse of wine or of the perfume of rose-water, but from motives of benevolence, springing out of the fulness of his sympathies, stimulated to generosity and kindly feeling by the presence and eloquence of the honoured guests. To say that such a meeting is 'a bore' is at once gross and selfish. Some who were present last year at the dinner of the Literary Fund have doubtless still a lively remembrance of the speeches of the historians, biographers, and poets who were present on that occasion, as well as of the pleasantries that passed between our great satirist and our literary Lord Chief Justice; and great will doubtless be the interest and enjoyment, and, we may add, profit, of the next merry meeting, appointed to take place on the 11th of May, under the presidency of our shrewd though sarcastic ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

An elaborate memoir of Mr. John Britton, the distinguished antiquary, architect, and topographer, is now nearly complete, and will be received with interest by the public, both from its intrinsic worth, and from the circumstance to which the work owes its origin. Some years ago a number of Mr. Britton's friends subscribed for a testimonial to one who had so long been known and esteemed in literary circles. On the announcement of the purpose to Mr. Britton, his feelings of gratitude were so strong, that, with a noble spirit of enthusiasm, he resolved to write and publish an autobiography, and present a copy of the book to every one of his friends who had subscribed for the testimonial. At the time he only thought that this would imply the sacrifice of a few months, and of a small portion of the 1000*l.* which had been collected. But how could a man so full of years and experience tell a brief story? Mr. Britton only now, at the end of seven years, finds his promised autobiography about to be completed, and the thousand pounds already expended. To publish the work for his own benefit, in addition to the copies for his friends, has been therefore thought advisable. To those who do not know the materials for such a work at Mr. Britton's disposal, we may say that few men have had so wide and varied a connexion with all departments of literature and of art, and that the memoir presents a curious miscellany of information, especially on archaeological and topographical subjects, including correspondence with many of the most eminent persons in these branches of knowledge during the past half century. The work is to be illustrated with sixty engravings, including portraits, landscapes, and architectural drawings and designs. It is a valuable contribution to historical and biographical literature.

Professor Ayton, the author of the 'Scottish Ballads,' has been delivering a course of lectures on poetry at Edinburgh. The description of the ancient bards of the classical and of the northern nations formed the most marked topic of the lectures. The remarks on Homer were not, however, such as could commend themselves to any but a partially educated audience. The learned professor spoke of the Homeric poems as if the old Grecian had written them just as we find them in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and asked if it was not extraordinary that the earliest poet was not also the greatest? No notice was taken of what was done towards the collection of the ancient traditional fragments of *Lycurgus* or *Pisistratus*, or of the manner in which the poems came into the regular form in which we now possess them. With the history and literature of his subject the lecturer did not show himself familiar, but with the soul of a poet he dealt with the general topics most adapted to a popular audience. The reflections on national tastes in poetry, and on the varieties of themes and

of styles, were philosophical in their conception, and admirably expressed. On lyrical poetry, and the connexion of music and song, the remarks were striking and just, and a glowing picture was given of the union of epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry at the national games of Greece. If Professor Ayton would repeat his lectures in London, we think he would have an audience who would appreciate the eloquence and learning of one who sustains so well the literary eminence of the northern capital.

The report of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution for the past year is of a very gratifying nature. The number of members increases, the finances are in a good condition, and the prosperity of the Institution is steadily on the advance. Besides the reading-rooms, library, classes, and other arrangements usual in these popular institutes, the public lectures are here made to form a feature of special importance. Edinburgh has in this respect an advantage over most towns, as being the seat of the chief university, and of the learned societies of Scotland; but the Directors do not confine their choice of lectures to their own townsmen. Dr. Vaughan of Manchester, Mr. Isaac Taylor, Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, and Professor Ferrier of St. Andrew's University, gave courses of lectures during the session, the other lecturers being Professors Balfour, Blackie, and Bennet, Dr. Daniel Wilson, the archaeologist, Dr. George Wilson, the chemist, Mr. Russell, Mr. Ballantine, and the concluding address delivered by the Lord Advocate Moncrieff. In all there were fifty lectures during the session, on a great variety of subjects, and of a more intellectual and instructive kind than usually appear on the programmes of such institutions. Contrasted with the flourishing condition of the Edinburgh Institution, we are sorry to observe symptoms of the decline of one of the oldest metropolitan establishments of the class—the London Institution. A circular has been sent to the proprietors containing proposals for contracting the objects of the Institution, and we have since seen bills announcing that the buildings and premises are for sale. Various plans have been suggested for restoring vigour and efficiency, but we doubt whether these can be attended with more than a partial and temporary success. Circumstances are very different now from what they were in 1805, when the City of London Institution was established for "the advancement of literature and science, and the diffusion of useful knowledge." Most of the proprietors and members were then resident in the city, whereas now they chiefly live at a distance; and the formation of numerous suburban institutions has lessened the attraction of the metropolitan one. The formation of many book clubs, mechanics' institutes, local libraries, reading-rooms, and societies for literary and scientific objects, has taken place in the interval. From a variety of social changes the advantages of the London Institution have become less important; and it can only be maintained at a heavy expense to the proprietors, unless some means can be devised for rendering it again attractive and popular. A general meeting has been summoned to take into consideration the existing position of affairs. There are still ample funds at disposal for carrying out any scheme for improvement. The value of the library is estimated at 40,000*l.*; the building and premises, which are freehold, at 30,000*l.*; and the funded property, about 37,000*l.* Some of the proprietors wish to wind up at once, and to divide the proceeds, after allowing pensions or grants to the officers of the establishment. Others advocate the sale of the building, the abandonment of the reading-room and lectures, and the transference of the library to the Corporation of London, on certain advantages being secured to the members. Mr. Hartridge, one of the proprietors, has suggested a scheme in a published letter, the discussion of which we look for with some interest, as affecting the existence of an institution which has in its day been of good service in the diffusion of popular literature and useful knowledge.

The subject of the Arnold Prize Essay at Oxford, has been announced by the Vice-Chancellor this week—"The benefits resulting from the Union of

England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne.' The essays are to be sent in before April, 1854. The subject is a capital one, but will require more knowledge for treating it well than can be obtained from reading ordinary manuals of history, such as are in common use in an English university. A Scottish writer would give prominence to many points besides the obvious commercial and political advantages which both nations derived from the Union, and of which Scotland as the weaker party derived the largest share. The social aspects of the subject ought not to be overlooked, nor the effects on language, customs, and religion. The old Scottish spirit of national independence was kept alive long after even the second rebellion by the Jacobite songs, still so popular. The interference of the British legislature with the Scottish kirk, the independence of which was guaranteed by the Union, has also frequently caused wide discontent in the North. We have been told that even at the commencement of this century there was a society of enthusiastic young Scotchmen, one of the dreams of which was a repeal of the Union of Queen Anne's reign. Some men who afterwards rose to high distinction were in their youth members of this club, and one of them is now the first of Scotland's men of science—Sir David Brewster. The recent discussion of heraldic grievances, and the protest of the unicorn, prove that the old anti-Union spirit is not even now utterly extinct.

Mr. Milner Gibson has at length succeeded in carrying a resolution in favour of the repeal of one of the three alleged 'taxes on knowledge'—the advertisement duty. The Government did not oppose the repeal, but gave very faint approval, pleading for delay until the Chancellor of the Exchequer produced his budget, but the fiscal caution of ministers did not prevent the House from voting the immediate repeal of this tax by a majority against them of 200 to 169. Mr. Gibson's resolutions for the repeal of the penny stamp and of the whole excise duty on paper were negatived.

The Royal Society of Antiquaries of Northern Europe held its annual meeting a fortnight ago at the palace of Christiansburg at Copenhagen. The King of Denmark, who is an active member of the Society, presided. An account was given of the operations of the Society during the past year, and of the books presented to it. A paper was read on the itinerary of the Abbot Nicholas, who in the twelfth century went from Iceland to Jerusalem, and it gave some interesting archaeological details. A cast of a stone bearing a Danish inscription, found in a churchyard of London some months ago, was presented; the inscription shows that the stone dates from the time of Canute. The King made some observations on the construction of houses or halls of meeting in olden times, by means of huge stones placed one on another; and his Majesty exhibited a battle-axe, and other articles of great antiquity, recently obtained for his private collection.

A new and important application of photographic printing has been successfully made to the illustration of works on natural history. In the third number of the 'Microscopical Journal,' beautiful specimens appear of positive photographs from Collodion negatives, and a notice, by Mr. Joseph Delves, of the method of combining the camera to the microscope, the arrangement being extremely simple, and the result completely successful. Attempts have previously been made to take advantage of the photographic process for depicting microscopic objects, but the trials were so unsatisfactory that the idea seemed to have been abandoned. The papers in the 'Microscopical Journal,' now published by Mr. Delves, by Mr. Samuel Highley, jun., and Mr. Shadbolt, will again direct the attention of scientific observers to the subject.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Beecher Stowe, whose visit was reported to be postponed on account of illness, has arrived by the *Canada*, and arrangements are already made for her reception in Glasgow, and other places in the north. Judge Haliburton, of Sam Slick renown, is among the arrivals at Liverpool by the same steamer.

M. Bunsen, the distinguished German *savant* (of Heidelberg), has been elected a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

The only novelty at the Italian Opera this week has been the production of *Guglielmo Tell* and the *Elisir d'Amore*. The *Dulcamara* of Ronconi, a most perfect example of operatic drollery, kept the house in a high state of amusement; and Mlle. Bosio filled the part of *Adina* with marked success. The *Nemorino* of Signor Lucchesi was but indifferently good.

At the second concert of the New Philharmonic Society, the introduction of Cherubini's Requiem in C minor, to an English general audience, was an experiment prompted by the success of Mozart's Requiem at the Sacred Harmonic Society, and attended with similar results. To many the style of music was new, and the composer's treatment of the theme could not be fully appreciated, but the impression made on the audience was so marked as to justify its being again brought forward. The style of the Requiem is more chaste and simple than that of Mozart, and on this account less attractive to a mixed assembly; but if Cherubini had less inventive genius, he had a severely classical taste, by which his church music is wonderfully suited to the purpose for which it was written. Both the orchestral score and the chorus music display the composer's power and taste. The performance of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, by Mr. Alexander Billet, the finale of Mendelssohn's *Lorely*, the overtures of Lindpainter's *Faust*, and Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, were among the other features of the concert. Beethoven's Great Symphony in A was never heard with finer effect, and the concert throughout was sustained in a manner highly creditable to the Society, and to Herr Lindpainter as conductor.

On Saturday the first concert of a new association, the Orchestral Union, was given at the Hanover Rooms. The orchestra included several first-rate artists, and was admirably effective. Mozart's symphony in G minor could not have been better given. The programme was brief, and judiciously varied for a morning concert. Mr. H. C. Cooper's violin performance of Spohr's Concerto, No. 11, was charmingly executed, and Mr. Harper's trumpet solo in Dr. Arne's 'Soldier Tired,' and the vocal pieces of Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, were much admired. Mr. Mellon was conductor. It was altogether a very successful and agreeable concert. On Thursday the Quartette Association, M. Sainton, Mr. H. Cooper, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti, commenced their delightful violin performances with remarkable success. Mozart's Quartette Concertante in D, No. 7, was executed with marvellous taste and precision, as were also two other quartette compositions of Hummel and Mendelssohn. Miss Gossard fairly astonished the audience by her brilliant performance on the pianoforte, without notes, of Beethoven's Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106.

The theatres have not been doing much business. Mr. Sullivan's comedy of *Elopements in High Life* has been performed every night at the Haymarket, but to thin houses. Something of more stirring dramatic interest and of higher merit must be provided to compete with the increasing attractions of the musical world. M. Lafont and Mlle. Page continue to excite an interest in the French plays at the St. James's; and the Adelphi has this week presented *Masks and Faces*, with Madame Celeste in the character of *Peg Woffington*. Our very high opinion of Mr. Webster's *Triplet* we need not here repeat. It is a masterpiece which no one should miss seeing. A new farce has been produced too, at this house, with the title of *A Desperate Game*, far too desperate to come within the range of probability, but rich to the brim in humour, arising out of the equivoques and admirable acting of Miss Woolgar, Mr. Keeley and Mr. Murray.

The Imperial Theatre at Moscow was destroyed by fire on the 23rd ult., together with the library, wardrobe, scenery, and decorations. The damage is estimated at the enormous sum of 480,000l.

The managers of the German theatres are to hold a 'congress,' in July, at Leipsic, to fix a uniform tariff for the performance of dramatic pieces.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 13th.

SOME new Montesquieu might write an interesting volume on the 'Grandeur and Decadence'—not of the Romans, but of—the *feuilleton*. In the days of King Louis Philippe, the *feuilleton*, like the Romans under the Republic, rose to extraordinary grandeur. It occupied—it is not too much to say—the foremost place in French literature. It filled a large space in every newspaper; it employed the most brilliant pens; it was read by hundreds of thousands; it restored drooping journals to prosperity, and increased immensely the circulation of those that were enjoying popular favour; it tended to nothing less than a positive damaging of the publishing trade, by becoming the regular channel for presenting to the public works of every kind, from the grave history down to the trifling tale. In those times *feuilletonists* formed an enormous legion, and the consumption of paper and ink was fearful to contemplate. Then, the most illustrious of the fraternity, the 'Marshals of the Feuilleton,' as they called themselves, were the greatest of the great. Newspaper proprietors approached them with fear and trembling; they lived in palaces, revelled in luxury, and flung about money by handfuls; their balls, their dinners, their quarrels, their duels, their slightest movements, were matters of public concern; and honoured above all men were those they deigned to honour. The Revolution came, and the Decadence began—just as in Rome revolution and civil war commenced the decline of the Republic. Although, however, the absorbing interest of political com-

"the grand debate,
The popular barange, the tart reply,
The logic and the wisdom and the wit,
And the loud laugh—"

of the parliamentary arena, cast the *feuilleton* into the background, it still retained a multitude of admiring readers—the women; and its chiefs aforesaid still enjoyed such immense *prestige* that they were considered the fittest possible persons to be turned into legislators, ministers, ambassadors, or préfets. But as the establishment of the imperial form of government hastened the decay of mighty Rome, so the setting up of imperialism in France struck the *feuilleton* to the heart. The greater part of the newspapers in which it had flourished were suppressed; of those that remained, several, from motives of economy, turned it adrift; the public, always fickle, ceased to hold it in esteem; and the great writers who had maintained its glory were exiled, or thrust into gaol, or reduced to beggary, or compelled to take to some vulgar calling, or obliged from dire necessity to allow themselves to be transmogrified into imperial functionaries, with lace-embroidered coats, cocked hats, and knee-breeches. Since then, alas! the poor *feuilleton* has been sinking lower and lower; and it is easy to read in its horoscope that it will languish a little longer, and then die,—die ignominiously, as Rome did. But it is to be hoped that before making its final exit, it will find some grave historian to write its grandeur and decline. For if this be not done whilst they are still fresh in the public memory, and whilst access to the necessary materials can easily be obtained, there is reason to fear that it will not be done at all, inasmuch as it is very probable that its *hauts faits* have not, like those of Rome, firmly engraved themselves on what is more durable than brass or marble,—tradition.

At present out of the host of *feuilletonists* only three can be said to survive, as there are only three of any note who write, and they are not what they used to be. Eugène Sue is one of them, Alexandre Dumas is another, and George Sand is the third. The recent *feuilletons* of Sue have not added to his fame—quite the contrary. They consist of a tale called 'Gilbert et Gilberte,' and

abound in all his exaggeration of character and incident without any of his wonted power; they consequently neither startle nor please, and are, to speak truth, rather insipid. George Sand's later productions have failed to attract general attention, more, I fear, from the contrast between them and the great works by which she has gained renown, than from the indifference of the public. This day she has begun a new work in the *feuilleton* of the 'Siècle,' under the title 'La Filleule' (the goddaughter). Let us hope that it will be all that she has given us a right to expect, in which case she may be sure that admiration will not be stintedly dealt out to her. As to Dumas, he is publishing in one journal an English tale called the 'Pastor of Ashbourn.' It proves that he is not very well versed in English manners; and in it the reader will seek in vain for his usual sparkling style and vivid imagination. *En revanche* he is publishing in another journal the memoirs of his life, which, at all events, are decidedly amusing, if only as specimens of stupendous Munchausen-like fibbing. Amongst the other things, they reveal the hitherto unknown fact that the Revolution of July, 1830, was not accomplished by the people of Paris, but by Alexandre Dumas himself; that he and a companion, an artist, captured, unaided, a powder magazine, and took a regiment of artillery prisoners; that he is invulnerable to grape shot, inasmuch as, in the Revolution, half a dozen cannons blazed away at him, one after the other, at only a few yards' distance, and left him unhurt; that he, though in those days a young man, scarcely known at all, talked grandly about what he would allow to be done, and what he would not allow to be done, to General Lafayette, M. Laffitte, and even to Louis Philippe himself, in whose household he was employed in the capacity of clerk.

The theatrical and literary circles have been again a good deal occupied with the prohibition (referred to in my last) to perform two little plays, called *Mal'aria*, and the *Lundis de Madame*, at the Théâtre Français. The former, it seems, was prohibited by the express order of his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., and his reason was, that it had the misfortune not to please his exquisite literary taste; the latter was forbidden because one of his illustrious Majesty's honourable ministers, a banker and bill discounter by trade, did not think it *à la hauteur* of the first literary theatre of France. Now Napoleon III., in spite of his manifold and enormous political delinquencies, is a literary man, and can write with force and elegance. He ought consequently to have been able to appreciate *Mal'aria*, which is simply—as all the critics have allowed—one of the most charming and original little pieces that has been seen on the French stage for many a day. At all events, he ought to have had the modesty—Emperor though he be—not to set his individual opinion above that of all his literary *confrères* and of the public. As to the second piece, it is not equal in literary merit to its companion in misfortune; but surely the public and the press, saying nothing of the reading committee of the theatre and the performers, were quite as capable of judging it as the ministerial bill discounter; and as they were willing to allow it to be performed a certain number of times, it was insufferably insolent in him to take on himself to prohibit it. But though there is no appeal from an imperial decision, however unjust or absurd, there fortunately is an appeal from the literary condemnation of a minister. This appeal was presented and supported in such vigorous terms, and by such influential parties, that the discounting minister has been obliged to admit, that however shrewd in money matters, he is in literature what *Dogberry* insisted on being written down, and he has accordingly had to allow the play to be again represented.

Disinterestedness is not the virtue of the common run of French writers: there is no harm in saying that, as it is as notorious as the sun at noonday. But there is one exception—Ponsard, the dramatic poet, has honourably earned the distinction of being superior to all sordid considerations. Some months ago, you may remember, he was offered the place

of librarian to the newly formed senate, with a salary of 240*l.* a-year. He refused it, because it would have done violence to his political convictions to have accepted a place at the hands of the present government. He has just been offered a pension of 100*l.* a-year; and he has for the same reason refused that too. And yet he is poor,—having nothing to live on but his pen; and, besides, as the pension would have been paid out of a fund which has always been specially set apart for the encouragement of literary men, he would have been warranted in considering it a national, not an imperial donation.

VARIETIES.

Professor Scholefield.—"In your notice of the death of the Rev. Professor Scholefield, in your last week's Gazette, you have made a mistake which I think ought to be noticed. You say he was best known as the curate and friend of Mr. Carus. He never was Mr. Carus's curate; in fact Mr. Carus did not come to the university till some years after Professor Scholefield had been ordained. Mr. Carus was his pupil, but the Professor was the curate and friend of Mr. Simeon. For thirty years he was minister of St. Michael's Church, in Cambridge, which preferment he held till his death.

"J. DEIGHTON.

"Cambridge, April 13th, 1853."

Consumption of Tobacco.—If the population of the earth be taken at 1000 millions, and the consumption reckoned as equal to that of the kingdom of Denmark, or seventy ounces a head, the produce of the whole world will amount to near two millions of tons (1,953,125) a year. Seventy ounces a head, of course, far exceeds the average consumption of Europe, in most of the countries of which Tobacco is heavily taxed. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that it falls far short of the consumption of Asia, containing the majority of mankind, where women and children smoke as well as men, and where the article is, moreover, untaxed. Near half the British tonnage which 'entered inward' or 'cleared outward' last year would be required to convey the quantity of this American weed, of which the value, at two-pence a pound, will amount to nearly thirty-six and a half millions sterling, 36,462,500*l.*—*Journal of the Statistical Society*, vol. xvi. part 1.

City Sculpture.—Our readers are aware of the determination on the part of the Corporation to commission the production of a certain number of statues for the adornment of the Mansion-house,—a determination for which they and their architect, Mr. Bunning, deserve the warm thanks of all who are interested in the progress of the fine arts of this country. In carrying out their intention, the Corporation wisely avoided competition; they visited various studios, and then named by ballot six sculptors, who should each be commissioned to produce an ideal figure from one of the English poets. The artists selected are Messrs. Bailey, McDowell, Foley, Lough, Calder Marshall, and Thrupp; and they have each submitted a sketch in plaster of their design, one fourth the real size, which is to be somewhat larger than life. The subjects are—following the same order as the names:—"Bright Morning Star," Milton; "Leah," from Moore's *Lives of the Angels*; "Egeria," from Byron's *Child Harold*; Comus, Griselda, and a figure called the "Lion Slayer," unappropriated. This last is to be withdrawn, and a substitute provided. The statues for the most part promise very well, but, being little more than sketches, everything will depend on the manner in which they are carried out; and for this, of course, the Corporation depend on the reputation of the sculptors. We sincerely hope that the result will prove satisfactory.—*Builder*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B. B.—The attack upon this author's reputation as an Orientalist in the quarter to which he refers is so obviously without testimony that it is not worth refuting.

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20	0 18 2	0 19 2	1 0 3	1 1 5	1 2 8	1 18 2
30	1 3 9	1 5 2	1 6 8	1 8 4	1 10 0	2 10 5
40	1 11 10	1 13 9	1 15 10	1 18 1	2 0 6	3 8 3

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